The Iron Age:

Containing the Rape of *Hellen*: The ſiege of *Troy*: The Combate betwixt *Hector* and *Aiax*: *Hector* and *Troilus* ſlayne by *Achilles*: *Achilles* ſlaine by *Paris*: *Aiax* and *Vliſſes* contend for the Armour of *Achilles*: The Death of *Aiax*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent aut Delectare.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*. 1632.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Of the party of the Troians.

King *Priam.*
Hector.
Paris.
Troilus.
Æneas.
Anthenor.
Deiphobus.
Margareton.
Aſtianax, *Hectors* ſonne.
Queene *Hecuba.*
Caſſandra a Propheteſſe.
Creſſida, *Calchas* his daughter.
Polixina daughter to *Priam.*
Oenon, *Paris* his firſt loue.
Andromache, *Hectors* wife.
Hectors Armour-bearer.
Troian ſouldiers.

Of the party of the Grecians.

King *Agamemnon* Generall.
King *Menelaus.*
King *Diomed.*
Vlyſſes, King of *Ithacus.*
Achilles.
A *Spartan* Lord.
An Embaſſador of *Creete.*
Caſtor and *Pollux*, the two brothers of *Hellena.*
Aiax Duke of *Salamine.*
Therſites a raylor.
Queene *Hellena.*
Calchas, *Apolles* Prieſt.
Patroclus, *Achilles* his friend.
Achilles his Mermidons.
Grecian ſouldiers.
Attendants.

The Iron Age:

Contayning the Rape of *Hellen*: The ſiege of *Troy*: The Combate betwixt *Hector* and *Aiax*: *Hector* and *Troilus* ſlayne by *Achilles*: *Achilles* ſlaine by *Paris*: *Aiax* and *Vliſſes* contend for the Armour of *Achilles*: The Death of *Aiax*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent audi Delectare.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*. 1632.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Of the party of the Troians.

King *Priam.*
Hector.
Paris.
Troilus.
Æneas.
Anthenor.
Deiphobus.
Margareton.
Aſtianax, *Hectors* ſonne.
Queene *Hecuba.*
Caſſandra a Propheteſſe.
Creſſida, *Calchas* his daughter.
Polixina daughter to *Priam.*
Oenon, *Paris* his firſt loue.
Andromache, *Hectors* wife.
Hectors Armour-bearer.
Troian ſouldiers.

Of the party of the Grecians.

King *Agamemnon* Generall.
King *Menelaus.*
King *Diomed.*
Viſſes, King of *Ithacus.*
Achilles.
A *Spartan* Lord.
An Embaſſador of *Creete.*
Caſtor and *Pollux*, the two brothers of *Hellena.*
Aiax Duke of *Salamine.*
Therſites a raylor.
Queene *Hellena.*
Calchas, *Apolles* Prieſt.
Patroclus, *Achilles* his friend.
Achilles his Mermidons.
Grecian ſouldiers.
Attendants.

To my VVorthy and much Reſpected Friend, Mr. *Thomas Hammon*, of Grayes Inne Eſquire.

SIR,

IF the noble Scholler *Nichod. Friſcelinus*, thought that his labour in Transferring ſix of *Ariſtophanes* his Comedies, out of the Originall *Greeke* into the *Roman* tongue, was worthy to be dedicated to ſix ſeueral, the moſt eminent Princes of his time, for Learning and Iudgement: Thinke it then no diſparagment to you, to vndertake as well the *Patronage*, peruſall of this Poem: Which as it exceedes the ſtrict limits of the ancient Comedy (then in vſe) in forme, ſo it tranſcends them many degrees; both in the fulneſſe of the Sceane, and grauity of the Subiect.

The Hiſtory whereon it is grounded, hauing beene the ſelected Argument of many exquiſite Poets: For what Pen of note, in one page or o-

ther hath not remembred *Troy*, and bewayl'd the ſacke, and ſubuerſion of ſo illuſtrious a Citty: Which, although it were ſcituate in *Aſia*, yet out of her aſhes hath riſen, two the rareſt Phœnixes in *Europe*, namely *London* and *Rome*. Sir my acquaintance with your worth, and knowledge of your iudgement, were the chiefe motiues, inducing me to ſelect you before many others: accept it, I intreate you, as fauourably as hee expoſeth it willingly, who as he hath antecedently long, ſo futurely euer,

Shall remayne yours:

Thomas Heywood.

To the Reader.

COurteous *Reader*: *The* Gold, Siluer, *and* Braſſe Ages *hauing beene many yeares ſince in the Preſſe, continuing the Hiſtory from* Iupiters *Birth* (*the ſonne of* Saturne) *to the Death of* Hercules. *This* Iron Age (*neuer till now Publiſhed,*) *beginneth where the other left, holding on, a plaine and direct courſe, from the ſecond Rape of* Hellen: (*For ſhe was in her minority rauiſhed by* Theſeus *the Friend of* Hercules) *not onely to the vtter ruine, and deuaſtation of* Troy; *but it, with the ſecond Part, ſtretcheth to the Deathes of* Hellen, *and all thoſe Kings of* Greece, *who were the vndertakers of that Ten yeares Bloody and fatall Seige. I preſume the reading there of ſhall not proue diſtaſtfull vnto any: Firſt in regard of the Antiquity and Nobleneſſe of the Hiſtory: Next becauſe it includeth the moſt things of eſpeciall remarke, which haue beene ingeniouſly Commented, and labouriouſly Recorded, by the Muſes Darlings, the* Poets: *And* Times *learned Remembraneers; the* Hiſtriographers.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, I deſire thee to take notice, that theſe were the Playes often (and not with the leaſt applauſe,) Publickely Acted by two Companies, vppon one Stage at once, and haue at ſundry times thronged three ſeuerall Theaters, with numerous and mighty Auditories, if the grace they had then in the Actings, take not away the expected luſter, hoped for in the Reading, I ſhall then beld thee well pleaſed, and therein, my ſelfe fully ſatisfied; Euer remaining thine as ſtudious

Prodeſſe vt Delectare:

Thomas Heywood.

The

The Iron Age.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter King Priamus, *Queene* Hecuba, Hector, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, *&c.*

Priamus.

PRinces and Sonnes of *Priam*, to this end
Wee cal'd you to this ſolemne Parleance,
There's a deuining ſpirit prompts mee ſtill,
That if we new begin Hoſtility,
The *Grecians* may be forc't to make repayre
Of our twice ruin'd walls, and of the rape
Done to our ſiſter faire *Heſione.*

Æneas. I am my princely Soueraigne of your minde,
And can by grounded arguments approoue
Your power and potency: what they twice demoliſh't,
Is now with ſtrength and beauty rear'd againe.
Your Kingdome growne more populous and rich,
The youth of *Troy* irregular and vntam'd,
Couetous of warre and martiall exerciſe,
From you and ſiluer treſſed *Hecuba*
Fifty faire ſonnes are lineally deriu'd,
All *Aſiaes* Kings are in your loue and league,
Their royalties as of your Empire held,

Hector and *Hectors* brothers are of power
To fetch your ſiſter from the heart of *Greece*,
Where ſhe remaines imbrac't by *Telamon*.
Pria. *Æneas*, your aduiſe aſſents with vs.
How ſtand our ſonnes vnto theſe wars inclin'd?
Hect. In mine opinion we haue no iuſt cauſe
To rayſe new tumults, that may liue in peace:
Warre is a fury quickly coniured vp,
But not ſo ſoone appeaſed.
Par. What iuſter cauſe
When the whole world takes note to our diſgrace,
Of this our *Troy*, twice rac't by *Hercules*.
Troy. And faire *Heſione* rapt hence to *Greece*,
Where ſhe ſtill liues coopt vp in *Salamine*.
Hect. *Troy*, was twice rac't, and *Troy* deſeru'd that wracke,
The valiant (halfe Diuine bred) *Hercules*,
Redeem'd this Towne from blacke mortality,
And my bright Aunt from death, when he ſurcharg'd
The virgin fedde, Sea-monſter with his club.
For my owne Grand-fire great *Laomedon*,
Denied the Heroe, both the meede propos'd,
And moſt (ingratefull) ſhut him from the Gates:
Troy therefore drew iuſt ruine on it ſelfe:
Tis true, our Aunt was borne away to *Greece*,
Who with more iuſtice might tranſport her hence,
Then he whoſe priſe ſhe was? bold *Telamon*
For ventring firſt vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Alcides gaue her to the *Salmine* Duke.
Detayning her? whom keepes he but his owne?
Were ſhe my priſoner I ſhould do the like.
By *Ioue* ſhe's worth the keeping.
Par. Then of force,
Shee muſt be worth the fetching.
Hect. Fetch her that liſt: my reuerent King and father,
If you purſue this expedition,
By the vntaunted honor of theſe armes
That liue imblazon'd on my burniſh't ſhield,

It is without good cauſe, and I deuine
Of all your flouriſhing line, by which the Gods
haue rectified your fame aboue all Kinge,
Not one ſhal liue to meate your Sepulchre,
Or trace your funerall Heralds to the Tombes
Of your great Auceſtours: oh for your honour
Take not vp vniuſt Armes.

Æne. Prince *Hectors* words
Will draw on him the imputation
Of feare and cowardeſie.

Troi. Fie brother *Hector*,
If our Aunts rape, and *Troyes* deſtruction
Bee not reueng'd, their ſeuerall blemiſhes
The aged hand of Time can neuer wipe
From our ſucceſſion.
'Twill be regiſtred
That all King *Priams* ſonnes ſaue one were willing
And forward to reuenge them on the *Greekes*,
Onely that *Hector* durſt not.

Hect. Ha, durſt not didſt thou ſay? effeminate boy,
Go get you to your Sheepe-hooke and your Scrip,
Thou look'ſt not like a Souldier, there's no fire
Within thine eyes, nor quills vpon thy chinne,
Tell me I dare not? go, riſe, get you gone:
Th'art fitter for young *Oenons* company
Then for a bench of ſouldiers: here comes one,
Antenor is returned.

Enter Antenor.

Pri. Welcome *Antenor*, what's the newes from *Greece*?

Ante. Newes of diſhonour to the name of *Priam*,
Your Higneſſe Siſter faire *Heſione*
Eſteem'd there as a ſtrumpet, and no Queene;
(After complaint) when I propos'd your Maieſty
would fetch her thence perforce, had you but ſeene
With what diſdainefull pride, and bitter taunts
They toſt my threats: 'twould haue inflam'd your ſpleene
With more then common rage, neuer was Princeſſe

So baſely vſ'd: neuer Embaſſadour
With ſuch diſhonour ſent from Princes Court,
As was then from that of *Telamons*,
Of *Agamemnons* and the *Spartan* Kings.
Priam. I ſhall not dye in peace, if theſe diſgraces
Liue vnreueng'd.
Hect. By *Ioue* wee'le fetch her thence,
Or make all populous *Greece* a Wilderneſſe,
Paris a hand, wee are friends, now *Greece* ſhall finde
And thou ſhalt know what mighty *Hector* dares.
When all th'vnited Kings in Armes ſhall rue
This baſe diſhonour done to *Priams* blood.
Par. Heare Gracious ſir, my dreame in *Ida* Mount,
Beneath the ſhadow of a Cedar ſleeping.
Celeſtiall *Iuno*, *Venus*, and the Goddeſſe
Borne from the braine of mighty *Iupiter*.
Theſe three preſent me with a golden Ball,
On which was writ, *Detur pulcherrimæ*,
Giue't to the faireſt: *Iuno* proffers wealth,
Scepters and Crownes: ſaith, ſhe will make me rich.
Next ſteps forth *Pallas* with a golden Booke,
Saith, reach it me, I'le teach the Litterature,
Knowledge and Arts, make thee of all moſt wiſe.
Next ſmiling *Venus* came, with ſuch a looke
Able to raiuſh mankinde: thus beſpake mee,
Make that Ball mine? the faireſt Queene that breathes,
I'le in requitall, caſt into thine armes.
How can I ſtand againſt her golden ſmiles,
When beautie promiſt beauty? ſhee preuayl'd:
To her I gaue the priſe, with which ſhee mounted
Like to a Starre from earth ſhott vp to Heauen.
Now if in *Greece* (as ſome report) be Ladies
Peereleſſe for beauty, wherefore might not *Paris*
By *Venus* ayde ſayle hence to *Grecia*,
And quit the rape of faire *Heſione*,
By ſtealing thence the Queene moſt beautifull,
That feedes vpon the honey of that ayre?

Pri. That amorous Goddesse borne vpon the waues
Assist thee in thy voyage, we will rigge
A royall fleete to waft thee into *Greece*.
Æneas with our sonne *Deiphobus*,
And other Lords shall beare thee company.
What thinke our sonnes *Hector* and *Troylus*
Of *Paris* expedition?

Hect. As an attempt the Heauens haue cause to prosper.
Go brother *Paris*, if thou bring'st a Queene,
Hector will be her Champion; then let's see
What *Greeke* dare fetch her hence.

Pri. Straight giue order
To haue his Fleet made ready.

Enter Cassandra *with her haire about her eares.*

Cassan. Stay *Priam*, *Paris* cease, stay *Troian* Peeres
To plot your vniuersall ouerthrow.
What hath poore *Troy* deseru'd, that you should kindle
Flames to destroy it?

Pa. What intends *Cassandra*?

Cass. To quench bright burning *Troy*, to secure thee,
To saue old *Priam* and his fifty sonnes.
(The royal'st issue, that e're King I enioy'de)
To keepe the reuerent haires of *Hecuba*,
From being torne off by her owne sad hands.

Pri. *Cassandra*'s madde.

Cass. You are mad, all *Troy* is madde.
And railes before it's ruine.

Hect. What would my sister?

Cass. Stay this bold youth my brother, who by water
Would sayle to bring fire which shall burne all *Troy*.
Stay him, oh stay him. ere these golden roofes
Melt o're our heads before these glorious Turrets
Bee burnt to ashes. Ere cleare *Simois* streames
Runne with bloud royall, and *Scamander* Plaine,
In which *Troy* stands bee made a Sepulchre
To bury *Troy*, and *Troians*.

Pri. Away with her, ſome falſe deuining ſpirit
Enuying the honour we ſhall gaine from *Greece*,
Would trouble our deſignements.
Hect. Royall ſir,
Caſſandra is a Veſtall Propheteſſe,
And conſecrate to *Pallas*; oft inſpir'd,
Then lend her gracious audience.
Troil. So let our Aunt
Bee ſtill a ſlaue in *Greece*, and wee your ſonnes
Bee held as cowards.
Æne. Let *Antenors* wrongs
Bee baſely ſwallowed, and the name of *Troy*
Be held a word of ſcorne.
Caſſ. Then let *Troy* burne,
Let the *Greekes* clap their hands, and warme themſelues
At this bright Bone-fire: dream'd not *Hecuba*
The night before this fatall Youth was borne,
That ſhee brought forth a fire-brand?
Hecu. 'Tis moſt true.
Caſſ. And when King *Priam* to the Preiſt reueal'd
This ominous dreame, hee with the Gods conſulted,
And from the Oracle did this returne,
That the Childe borne ſhould ſtately *Ilion* burne.
Par. And well the Prophet gueſt, for my deſire
To viſit *Greece*, burnes with a quenchleſſe fire:
Nor from this flaming brand ſhall I be free,
Till I haue left rich *Troy*, and *Sparta* ſee.
Caſſ. Yet *Hecuba*, ere thou thy *Priam* looſe,
And *Priam* ere thou looſe thy *Hecuba*,
Pri. Away with her.
Caſſ. Why ſpeakes not in this caſe *Andromache*?
Thou ſhalt looſe a *Hector*, who's yet thine.
Why good *Æneas* doſt thou ſpeech forbeare?
Thou hop'ſt in time another *Troy* to reare,
When this is ſackt, and therefore thou ſtandſt mute,
All ſtrooke with ſilence; none aſſiſt my ſuite.
Pri. Force her away and lay her faſt in hold.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. Then *Troy*, no *Troy*, but aſhes; and a place
Where once a Citty ſtood: poore *Priam*, thou
That ſhalt leaue fatherleſſe fifty faire ſonnes,
And this thy fruitfull Queene, a deſolate widdow;
And *Ilium* now no Pallace for a King,
But a confuſed heape of twice burnt bricke.
They that thy beauty wondred, ſhall admire
To ſee thy Towers defac'd with *Greekiſh* fire. [*Exit.*]

Pri. Thou art no Sibill, but from fury ſpeak'ſt,
Not inſpiration we regua'd thee not.
Come valiant ſonnes, wee'le firſt prepare our ſhips,
And with a royall Fleete well rigg'd to ſea
Seeke iuſt reuenge for faire *Heſione*.

Exeunt omnes, manet Paris, *to him* Oenon *who in his geſture out pincks her backe.*

Oen. Know you not mee?
Par. Who art thou?
Oen. View mee well.
And what I am, my lookes and teares will teach thee.
Par. *Oenon?* what brought thee hither?
Oen. To ſee *Ida* bare
Of her tall Cedars, to ſee ſhipwrights ſquare
The trunks of new feld Pines: Aſking the cauſe,
So many Hatchets, Hammers, Plowes and Sawes
Were thither brought: They gan mee thus to greete,
With theſe tall Cedars we muſt build a fleete
For *Paris*; who in that muſt ſayle to *Greece*,
To fetch a new wife thence.
Par. And my faire *Oenon*,
Know that they told truth, for 'tis decreed
Euen by the Gods beheſt, that I ſhould ſpeed
Vpon this new aduenture: The Gods all,
That made mee iudge to giue the golden Ball.
Harke, harke, the Saylers cry aboard, aboard;
The Winde blowes faire, fare-well.

Oen.

Oenon. Heare me one word.
By our firſt loue, by all our amorous kiſſes,
Courtings, imbraces, and ten thouſand bleſſes
I coniure thee, that thou in *Troy* may'ſt ſtay.
Par. They cry aboard, and *Paris* muſt away.
Oen. What need'ſt thou plowe the ſeas to ſeeke a wife,
Hauing one here, to hazard thy ſweete life,
Seeking a Strumpet through warres fierce alarmes,
And haue ſo kind a wife lodg'd in thine armes.
Par. Sweete *Oenon*, ſtay me not, vnclaſpe thine hold.
Oen. Not for *Troyes* crowne or all the Sun-gods Gold.
Canſt thou? oh canſt thou thy ſweete life indanger,
And leaue thine owne wife to ſeeke out a ſtranger?
Pa. I can, farewell.
Oen. Oh yet a little ſtay.
Pa. Let go thine hold, or I ſhall force my way.
Oen. Oh do but looke on me, yet once againe.
Though now a Prince, thou waſt an humble ſwaine,
And then I was thine *Oenon.* (Oh ſad fate)
I craue thy loue, I couet not thy ſtate;
Still I am *Oenon:* ſtill thou *Paris* art
The ſelfe-ſame man, but not the ſelfe-ſame heart.
Par. Vntie, or I ſhall breake thy charming band,
Neptune aſſiſt my courſe: thou *Ioue* my hand: *Exit.*
Oen. Moſt cruell, moſt vnkind, hadſt thou thus ſaid
The night before thou hadſt my Maiden-head,
I had beene free to chuſe, and thou to wiue;
Not widdowed now, my husband ſtill aliue.

Enter King Menelaus, *King* Diomed, Therſites, *a Lord Embaſſadour with Attendants.*

Mene. King *Diomed*, *Sparta* is proud to ſee you,
Your comming at this time's more ſeaſonable,
In that wee haue imployment for your wiſedome
And royall valour.
Diom. The *Chriſtian* Scepter now in contrauerſie

(as

(As this Embaſſadour hath late inform'd)
Deſpiſing that vſurping hand, which long
Hath againſt Law and Iuſtice ſwayd and borne it,
Offers it ſelfe to your protection.
Is it not ſo my Lord?

Embaſſa. You truely vnderſtand our Embaſie.

Ther. *Menelaus!*

Mene. What ſaith *Therſites?*

Ther. That Heauen hath many Starres in't, but no eyes,
And cannot ſee deſert. The Goddeſſe *Fortune*
Is head-winkt, why elſe ſhould ſhe proffer thee
Another Crowne that hath one: (Grand Sir *Ioue*)
What a huge heape of buſineſſe ſhalt thou haue,
Hauing another Kingdome? being in *Creete*,
Sparta will go to wracke, being in *Sparta*,
Creete will to ruine: To haue more then theſe
Such a bright Laſſe as *Hellen*: *Hellen*? oh!
'Muſt haue an eye to her too, fie, fie, fie,
Poore man how thou'lt bee puſl'd!

Mene. Why thinkes *Therſites* my bright *Hellens* beauty
Is not with her faire vertues equaliz'd?

Ther. Yes, I thinke ſo, and *Hellen* is a n aſſe,
But thou beleeu'ſt ſo too.

Diom. *Therſites* is a rayler.

Ther. No, I diſclaim't, I am a Counſellor.
I haue knowne a fellow matcht to a faire wife,
That hath had ne're a Kingdome: thou haſt two
To looke to, (ſcarce a houſe) thou many Pallaces,
Hee ſcarce a Page, and thou a thouſand ſeruants:
Yet hee hauing no more, yet had too much
To looke to one faire wife.

Diom. Were not the King
Well grounded in the vertues of his Queene,
Thy words *Therſites* might ſet odds betwixt them.

Mene. My *Hellen*? therein am I happieſt.
Know *Diomed*, her beauty I preferre
Before the Crownes of *Sparta*, and of *Creete*.

Muſicke ! I know my Lady then is comming,
To giue kind welcome to King *Diomed*,
Strowe in her way ſweete powders, burne Perfume,
And where my *Hellen* treads no feete preſume.
Ther. 'Twere better ſtrowe horne-ſhauings.

Muſicke within.

Enter Hellen *with waiting Gentlewomen and Seruants.*

Hel. 'Tis told ys this Embaſſadour doth ſtay
To take my husband, my deare Lord away.
Men. True *Hellen*, 'tis a Kingdome calls me hence.
Hel. A Kingdome! hath your *Hellen* ſuch ſmall grace,
That you preferre a Kingdome 'fore her face?
You value me too cheape, and doe not know
The worth and value of the face you owe.
Ther. I had rather haue a good Calues face.
Heſs. *Theſeus*, that in my non-age did aſſaile mee,
And being too young for paſtime, thence did haile me:
Hee, to haue had the leaſt part of your bliſſe
Oft proffered mee a Kingdome for a kiſſe.
You ſurfeit in your pleaſures, ſwimme in ſport,
But ſir, from henceforth I ſhall keepe you ſhort.
Dio. Faire Queene, 'tis honour calls him hence away.
Hel. What's that to *Hellen*, if ſhee'le haue him ſtay?
Say I ſhould weepe at parting, (which I feare)
Some for ten Kingdomes would not haue a teare
Fall from his *Hellens* eye, but hee's vnkind,
And cares not though I weepe my bright eyes blind.

Enter a Spartan *Lord.*

Sp. L. Great King, we haue diſcouer'd from the ſhoare
A gallant Fleete of ſhips, that with full ſayle
Make towards the Port.
Mene. What number?
Sp. L. Some two and twenty Sayle.
Men. Diſcouer them more amply, and make good the Hauen againſt them, till we know th'intent of their arriue.
Sp. L. My Royall Lord I ſhall.

Mene.

Men. Embaſſadour this buſines once blowne o're,
You ſhall receiue your anſwer inſtantly.
Hel. You ſhall not goe and leaue your *Hellen* here,
Can I a Kingdome gouerne in your abſence,
And guide ſo rude a people as yours is?
How ſhall I doe my Lord, when you are gone,
So many bleake cold nights to lye alone?
Y'haue vſ'd mee ſo to fellowſhip in bed,
That ſhould I leaue it, I ſhould ſoone be dead:
Troth I ſhall neuer indure it.
Men. My ſweete *Hellen*,
Was neuer King bleſt with ſo chaſte a wife.
Enter the Spartan *Lord.*
Men. The newes? whence is their Fleete?
Sp. L. From *Troy.*
Men. The Generall?
Sp. L. *Priams* ſonne.
Men. Their expedition?
Sp. L. To ſeeke aduentures and ſtrange Lands abroad,
And though now weather-beat, yet brauer men,
More rich in Iewells, coſtlier araide,
Or better featur'd ne're eye beheld,
Eſpecially the Prince their Generall,
Paris of *Troy* one of King *Priams* ſonnes.
Hel. Brauer then theſe our *Lacedemons* are?
Sp. L. Madam, by much.
Hel. How is the Prince of *Troy*
To *Menelaus* mighty *Spartans* King?
Sp. L. Prince *Menelaus* is my Soueraigne Madam,
But might I freely ſpeake without offence,
(Except ing *Menelaus*) neuer breath'd
A brauer Gallant then the *Troian* Prince.
Men. What Intertainment ſhall wee giue theſe ſtrangers?
Hel. What? but the choyce that *Lacedemon* yeelds,
If they come braue, our brauery let vs ſhow,
That what our *Sparta* yeelds, their *Troy* may know:
Let them not ſay they found vs poore and bare.

Or that our *Grecian* Ladies are leſſe faire
Then theirs: giue them occaſion to relate
At their returne, how wee exceede their ſtate.
Mene. *Hellen* hath well aduis'd, and for the beſt
Her counſell with our honour doth agree,
All *Spartaes* pompe is for the *Troians* free.
Hell: Oh had I known their Landing one day ſooner,
That *Hellen* might haue trim'd vp her attire
Againſt this meeting, then my radiant beauty
I doubt not, might in *Troy* be tearm'd as faire,
As through all *Greece* I am reputed rare.

A flouriſh. *Enter* Paris, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, Menelaus *and* Diomed *embrace* Paris *and the reſt*: Paris *turnes from them and kiſſeth* Hellen, *all way ſhee with her hand puts him backe.*

Hell. 'Tis not the *Spartan* faſhion thus to greet
Vpon the lips, when royall ſtrangers meete.
I know not what your *Aſian* Court-ſhip is.
Oh *Ioue*, how ſweetely doth this *Troian* kiſſe?
Par. Beare with a ſtranger Lady, though vnknowne;
That's practis'd in no faſhion ſaue his owne.
Hee that his fault confeſſeth ne're offends,
Nor can hee iniure, that no wrong intends.
Hell. To kiſſe mee! why before ſo many eyes
The King could do no more: would fortune bring
This ſtranger there where I haue met the King,
Mene. Patience, ſweet *Hellen*, *Troians* welcome all;
You ſhall receiue the princelieſt entertaine
Sparta can yeeld you, but ſome late affaires
About the *Cretan* ſeepter calls vs hence,
That buſineſſe once determin'd wee are yours,
In the meane time faire *Hellen* bee't your charge
To make their welcome in my abſence large.

They all goe off with a flouriſh, onely Paris *and* Hellen *keepe the Stage.*

Par.

Par. Oh *Ioue* my dreame! ſweete *Venus* ayde my prayer,
And keepe thy word: behold a face more faire
Then thou thy ſelfe canſt ſhewe, this is the ſame
Thou promiſt me in *Ida*, this I claime.
Giue me this face faire *Venus*, and that's all
I'le aske in guerdon of the golden Ball.

Hel. Of what rare mettall is this *Troian* made?
That one poore kiſſe hath power ſo to perſwade,
Here at my lips the ſweetneſſe did beginne,
And ſince hath paſt through all my powers within:
Oh kiſſe mee if thou lou'ſt me once againe,
I feele the firſt kiſſe thrill through euery veine.

Par. Queene I muſt ſpeake with you,

Hell. Muſt?

Par. *Hellen*, I,
I haue but two wayes to take, to ſpeake, or dye:
Grant my tongue pardon then, or turne your head
And ſay you will not, and ſo ſtrike me dead.

Hel. Liue and ſay on, but if your words offend,
If my tongue can deſtroy, you're neare your end.

Par. Oh *Ioue*, that I had now an Angels voyce
As you an Angels ſhape haue, that my words
Might ſound as ſpheare-like muſicke in your eare!
That *Ioue* himſelfe whom I muſt call to witneſſe,
Would now ſtand forth in perſon to approoue
What I now ſpeake, *Hellen*, *Hellen* I loue.
Chide mee, I care not; tell, your husband, doe,
Feareleſſe of death, behold, I boldly woe.
For let mee liue, bright *Hellen* to inioy,
Or let mee neuer backe reſayle to *Troy*:
For you I came, your fame hath hither driuen mee,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe giuen mee.
I lou'd you ere I ſaw you by your fame,
Report of your rare beauty to *Troy* came.
But more then bruite can tell, or fame emblazon
Are theſe diuine perfections that I gaze on.

Hel. Inſolent ſtranger, is my Name ſo light

Abroad in *Troy*, that thou at the firſt ſight
Shouldſt hope to ſtrumpet vs? thinks *Priams* ſonne,
The *Spartan* Queene can be ſo eaſily wonne?
Becauſe once *Theſeus* rauiſht vs from hence,
And did to vs a kind of violence:
Followes it therefore wee are of ſuch price,
That ſtolne hence once, we ſhould be rauiſh't twice?

Par. That *Theſeus* ſtole you hence (by Heauen) I praiſe him,
And for that act I to the skies will raiſe him.
That hee return'd you backe by *Ioue* I wonder,
Had I beene *Theſeus*, hee that ſhould aſunder
Haue parted vs, and ſnatcht you from my bed:
Firſt from my ſhould ſhoulders haue tane this head.
Oh that you were the prize of ſome great ſtrife,
And hee that winnes might claime you as his wife,
Your ſelfe ſhould finde, and all the world ſhould ſee
Hellen, a priſe alone ordain'd for mee.

Hel. I am not angry; who can angry be
With him that loues her? they that *Paris* ſee,
And heares the wonders and rare deedes you boaſt,
And warlike ſpoyles in which you glory moſt:
By which you haue attaind 'mongſt ſouldiers grace,
None can beleeue you that beholds your face.
They that this louely *Troian* ſee, will ſay;
Hee was not made for warre, but amorous play.

Pa. Loue amorous *Paris* then.

Hel. My fame to endanger?

Par. I can be ſecret Lady.

Hel. And a ſtranger?
Say I ſhould grant thee loue, as thou ſhouldſt clime
My long wiſht bed; if at th'appointed time
The Winde ſhould alter, and blow faire for *Troy*,
Thou muſt breake off in midd'ſt of all thy Ioy.

Par. Not for great *Spartaes* Crowne, or *Aſiaes* Treaſure,
(That exceedes *Spartaes*) would I looſe ſuch pleaſure.

Hel. would it were come to that.

Par. Your Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,

Compare

Compare our ſhapes, our youth and euery thing,
I make you Iudgeſſe, wrong me if you can:
You needes muſt ſay I am the properer man.
Hel. I muſt confeſſe that too.
Par. Then loue mee Lady.
Hel. Had you then ſett ſayle,
When my virginity, and bed to enioy
A thouſand gallant princely Suiters came?
Had I beheld thee firſt, I here proclaime,
Your feature ſhould haue borne mee from the reſt.
You come too late, and conet goods poſſeſt.
Par. I came from *Hellen*, *Hellens* loue I craue,
Hellen I loue, and *Hellen* I muſt haue:
Or in this Prouince where I vent my mones,
I'le begge a Tombe for my exiled bones.

A flouriſh. Enter Menelaus, Diomed, Therſites *with* Spartan *Lords*: Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *&c.*

A banquet is brought in.

Men. Now Prince of *Troy*, our buſineſſe being o're
This day in *Lacedemon*, you ſhall feaſt
Paris, wee are proud of ſuch a Princely gueſt.
Ther. Thus euery man is borne to his owne Fate,
Now it raines Hornes, let each man ſhield his Pate.
Hel. This royalty extended to the welcome
Of *Priams* ſonne, is more then *Aſiaes* King
Would yeeld vnto the greateſt Prince of *Greece*.
What is this *Paris* whom you honour ſo?
Men. Why askes my Queene?
Hel. May not this proud this beauty vanting *Troian*,
In a ſmooth browe hide blacke and rugged Treaſon?
Men. Hee ſuch an one? rather a giddy braine,
A formall traueller. King *Diomed*
Your cenſure of this *Troian*?
Diom. A Capring, Carpet Knight, a Cuſhion Lord,
One that hath ſtald his Courtly trickes at home,
And now got leaue to publiſh them abroad

Hee's

Hee's a meere toy.

Men. *Therſites* your opinion.

Men. Did'ſt euer ſee wiſdome thus attir'd?

Ther. I haue knowne villany hath lookt as ſmooth
As yon briske fellow.

Mene. I am a foole then ſay.

Ther. And ſo thou art,
To hugge the Serpent fraud ſo neere your heart.

Men. Shallow *Therſites*, my faire Prince of *Troy*
Welcome, come ſit betwixt my Queene and mee.

Ther. Hee'le one day ſtand betwixt thy Queene and thee.
I haue obſeru'd, 'tis ſtill the Cuckolds fate
To hugge that knaue who helps to horne his pate.

Men. Fill me a ſtanding Bowle of *Greekiſh* wine:
Prince *Paris*, to your Royall Fathers health.

Par. Thankes *Menelaus*. Here King *Diomed*.

Dio. To you *Æneas*.

Æne. *Therſites*, 'tmuſt go round.

Ther. Not I, full bowles make empty braines, not I.

Mene. *Hellen*, the more to dignifie his welcome
Beginne a health to aged *Hecuba*.

Ther. Men may be drunke, but hee's a drunken foole
That brings his wife vp in the Drinking-ſchoole.

Hel. Prince *Paris*, to the reuerent *Hecuba*.

Par. Will the *Spartan* King vouchafe the pledge of *Priams* Queene?

Men. Prince *Diomed*, and ſo to you *Therſites*,
This health muſt needes paſſe round.

Ther. 'Twill make you all turne round before you part.

Diom. To you *Therſites*.

Ther. 'Tis better liue in fire, then dye in wine:
That burnes but earth, this drownes a thing diuine.
Ile ſcald my ſoule no more.

Hel. You looke not well Prince *Paris*, on my life
His Colour comes and goes, are you not ſicke?

Ther. ſicke! and ſo many healths, how can that bee?

Par. Peace Cinicke, barke not dogge: King, by your leaue
Ile haue one health to beauteous *Hellena*.

Mene.

Men. It ſhall be pledg'd Prince *Paris.*

Ther. Drinke till you all drop downe, but when you fall,
Looke that the Queene lie vnder-moſt of all.

Par. I'le haue *Therſites* pledge this.

Ther. I'le be no drunkard, Kings and Queene I'le riſe.

Par. Drinke this or eate my ſword.

Ther. Say ſo, I'le kiſſe the cup.

Hel. You are not well Prince *Paris*, walke with mee.

Par. With you! what you? you are the Queene of hearts.

Hel. This Chayre ſerue for your bed, lye downe and ſleepe.

Par. Thankes Queene: to all good night. *Hee ſleepes.*

Men. How now *Therſites*? this your polititon?
A ſhallow weake braine Courtier.

Dio. Alas poore puny Prince, in troth *Therſites*
You were deceiu'd in him.

Ther. I knewe hee was either a politician or a drunkard, your younger Brothers for the moſt part are ſo.

Men. Well my faire Queene, whil'ſt wee prepare for *Creete*,
Feaſt you the Prince: though his behauiour's rude,
Let vs be royall, bounty of all things
Doth beſt expreſſe the Maieſty of Kings.

Exeunt all, but Paris *and* Hellen, *at which hee ſtarts vp from from his Chaire and takes her by the hand.*

Par. Are they all gone? then pardon mee ſweete Queene,
I was not as I ſeem'd, but I am now
What once I vow'd, a Prince captiu'd to you.

Hel. No *Paris* no, I am the Queene of hearts.

Par. And ſo you are, the Empreſſe of all hearts:
Celeſtiall *Hellen*, ſhall I bee eterniz'd
In the fruition of your heauenly loue?

Hel. And you deſerue it well: O Prince! fie, fie,
Diſſemble with your friends ſo cunningly?

Par. My loue faire Queene exceedes the loue of friends,
And therefore had the royall King your Husband
Expreſt more loue to mee then euer Monarch

Did to a ſtranger Prince, it could not though
Leaſen my zeale to you: ſpeake the fayreſt Queene
That euer ſpake, this night ſhall we agree
To conſecrate to pleaſure and delights:
Your husband left me charge I ſhould inioy
All that the Court can yeeld: if all? then you
I would not for the world, but you ſhould doe
All that the King your Lord commands you too:
Your King and husband, you ſinne doubly ſtill
When you aſſent not to obay his will:
Speake beauteous Queene. No? then it may be
Shee meanes by ſilence to accord with me:
I'le trye that preſently, lend me your hand
Tis this I want, and by the Kings command
You are to let me haue it: more then this, *Kiſſeth her.*
I want your lips to helpe me make a kiſſe.

Hel. Oh Heauen!

Par. Oh loue, a ioy aboue all meaſure,
To touch theſe lips is more then heauenly pleaſure.

Hel. Beſhrew your amorous rhetorick that did proue
My husbands will commanded me to loue,
For but for that iniunction, *Paris* know
I would not yeeld ſuch fauours to beſtow
On any ſtranger, but ſince he commands,
You may take more then eyther lips or hands.
Do I not bluſh ſweete ſtranger? if I breake
The Lawes of modeſty, thinke that I ſpeake,
But with my husbands tongue, for I lay ſtill
I would not yeeld, but to obey his will.

Par. This night then without all ſuſpition,
The raniſhing pleaſures of your royall bed
You may afford to *Paris*: bitter *Therſites*,
King *Diomed*, and your ſeruants may ſuppoſe
By my late counterfeite diſtemperature
I ayme at no ſuch happineſſe, alas
I am a puny Courtier, a weake braine,
A braine-ſicke young man; but Deuineſt *Hellen*,

VVhen we get ſafe to *Troy*.

Hel. To *Troy*?

Par. Yes Queene, by all the gods it is decreed,
That I ſhould beare you thither; *Priam* knowes it,
And therefore purpoſely did rigge this Fleete,
To waft me hether; He and *Hecuba*,
My nine and forty brothers, Princes all
Of Ladies and bright Virgins infinite,
Will meete vs in the roade of *Tenedos*;
Then be reſolu'd for I will caſt a plot
To beare you ſafe from hence!

Hel. This *Troyan* Prince
Will's more then any Prince of *Greece* dares pleade,
And yet I haue no power to ſay him nay:
VVell *Paris* I beſhrew you with my heart,
That euer you came to *Sparta* (by my ioy
Queene *Hellen* lyes, and longs to be at *Troy*:)
Yet vſe me as you pleaſe, you know you haue
My deareſt loue, and therefore cannot craue
VVhat Ile deny; but if reproach and ſhame
Purſue vs, on you *Paris* light the blame:
Ile waſh my hands of all, nor will I yeeld
But by compulſion to your leaſt demaund:
Yet if in lieu of my Kings intertaine,
You bid me to a feaſt aboord your ſhip,
And when you haue me there, vnknowne to me
Hoyſe ſayle, weigh Anchor, and beare out to Sea;
I cannot helpe it, tis not in my power
To let fal ſayles, or ſtriue with ſtretching oares
To row me backe againe: this you may do,
But ſooth friend *Paris* Ile not yeeld thereto.

Par. You ſhalbe then compell'd, on me let all
The danger waiting on this practiſe fall.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. Caſtor and *Pollux* your two princely brothers
Are newly Landed, and to morrow next
Purpoſe for *Lacedemon*,

Hel. On their approach
Ile lay my plot to eſcape away with *Paris*.
I haue it: you ſir for ſome ſpeciall reaſon
There comming keepe conceal'd, but when to morrow
You ſhal perceiue me neere the water port,
Euen when thou ſeeſt me ready to take Barge.
You apprehend me.

Sp. L. Gracious Queene I do.

Hel. Take that farwel: now my fayre princely gueſt:
All that belongs to you's to inuite Queene *Hellen*
Aboord your ſhip to morrow.

Par. *Spartaes* mirrour,
Will you vouchſafe to a poore wandring Prince
So much of grace, will your high maieſty
Daigne the acceptance of an homely banquet
Aboord his weather beaten Barke?

Hel. No Friend,
The King my husband is from *Sparta* gone,
And I, til his returne, muſt needes keepe home:
Vrge me not I intreate, it is in vaine
Get me aboord, Ile nere turne backe againe.

Par. Nor ſhall you Lady, *Sparta* nor all *Greece*
Shal fetch you thence, but *Troy* ſhal ſtand as high
On tearmes with *Greece*, as *Greece* hath ſtood with *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Spa. L. This is the VVater-port, the Queenes royal gueſt, hath bound me to attendance, till the Prince and ſhee bee ready to take VVater: Methinkes in this there ſhould bee ſome tricke or other, ſhe was once ſtolne away by *Theſeus*, and this a gallant ſmooth fac'd Prince. The Kings from home, the Queenes but a VVoman, the *Troians* ſhips new trim'd, the wind ſtands fayre, and the Saylors all ready aboord, ſweete meates and wine, good words and opportunity, and indeede not what? If both parties bee pleaſde, but pleaſde or not, the muſicke giues warning, are they not now vpon their entrance.

Enter

Enter in state Paris, Hellen, Diomed, Therſites, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphebus, &c. *with Attendants.*

Sp. L. Health to your Maieſties, your Princely brothers *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, being within two Leagues Of this great Citty, come to viſite you.

Hel. My brothers ſtolne vpon vs vnawares. Let me intreate thee royall *Diomed*, And you *Therſites*, do me ſo much grace, As giue them friendly meeting.

Diom. Queene we ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Hel. Our intertainment ſhall be giuen aboord, VVhere I preſume, they ſhall be welcome gueſts To princely *Paris*.

Pa. As to your ſelfe, faire Queene,

Hel. Set forwards then.

Pa. We'le hoyſe vp ſayle, neere to returne againe.

Exeunt the Troians *with a great ſhout.*

Enter Caſtor, Pollux, Diomed, Therſites.

Caſt. Our brother *Menelaus* gone for *Creete*?

Pol. Our loue to ſee him, makes vs looſe much time: Yet all our labour is not vainly ſpent, Since we ſhall ſee our ſiſter.

Enter the Spartan Lord *in haſt.*

Sp. L. Princes, the Kings betray'd, all *Greece* diſhonoured, the Queene borne hence, the *Troians* haue weigh'd anchor, and with a proſperous gale they beare from hence: Shouting and hurling vp their caps for ioy, They crye farwel to *Greece*, amayne for *Troy*.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha.

Dio. The Queene borne hence, with that ſmooth traytor *Paris*, See princes with what pride they haue aduanc'd The Armes of *Troy* vpon their waning pendants.

Caſt. Rage not, but lets reſolue what's to be done.

Dio. Let ſome ride poſt to *Creete* for *Menelaus*.

Sp. L. That be my charge.
Dio. VVho'le after him to Sea?
Pol. That wil my brother *Castor* and my selfe,
And perish there, or bring my sister backe.
Dio. Princes be't so, and fairely may you speed:
Whilst I to *Agamemnon*, great *Achilles*,
Vlysses, *Nestor*, *Aiax*, *Idomean*,
And all the Kings and Dukes of populous *Greece*,
Relate the wrongs done by this Rauisher.
Part, and be expeditious. *Exeunt several wayes.*
Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
I smelt this Sea-rat ere he came a shoare, by this hee's gnawing *Menelaus* Cheese, and made a huge hole in't: Ship-dyet pleaseth 'boue all his Pallace banquets, much good doo't them:
They are at it without grace, by this both bare:
Cuckold? no subiect with that name bee sorry,
Since Soueraignes may be such in all their glory.

Explicet Actus primus.

Actus secundus Scœna prima.

Enter Troilus *and* Cresida.

Troi. Faire *Cresida*, by the honour of my birth,
As I am *Hectors* brother, *Priams* sonne,
And *Troilus* best belou'd of *Hecuba*,
As I loue Armes and souldiers, I protest,
Thy beauty liues inshrin'd heere in my brest.
Cre. As I am *Calchas* daughter, *Cresida*,
High Priest to *Pallas*, shee that patrons *Troy*:
Now sent vnto the *Delphian* Oracle,
To know what shal betide Prince *Paris* voyage.
I hold the loue of *Troilus* dearer farre,
Then to be Queene of *Asia*.

Troi.

Troi. Daughter to *Calchas* and the pride of *Troy*,
Plight me your hand and heart.
Cre. Faire Heauen I doe.
Will *Troilus* in exchange grant me his too?
Troi. Yes, and faſt ſeal'd, you gods, your anger wreak
On him or her, that firſt this vnion breake.
Cre. So proteſts *Creſida*, wretched may they dye,
That 'twixt our ſoules theſe holy bands vntye.

Enter Margaretan *one of* Priams *youngeſt ſonnes.*

Marg. My brother *Troilus*, we haue newes from *Greece*,
Prince *Paris* is return'd.
Troi. And with a priſe?
Marg. Aſia affoords none ſuch.
Troi. What is ſhee worth our Aunt *Heſione?*
Cre. Or what might be her name?
Marg. Hellen of *Sparta.*
Troi. Hellens name
Hath ſcarce been heard in *Troy.*
Marg. But now her fame
Will bee eterniz'd, for a face more faire
Sunne neuer ſhone on, nor the earth e re bare.
Why ſtay you here? by this *Paris* and ſhee
Are landed in the Port of *Tenedos*,
There *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Hector*, all *Troy*
Meete the mid-way to attend the *Spartan* Queene.
Troi. In that faire Traine, my *Creſid* ſhal be ſeene
Of rarer beauty then the *Spartan* Queene.

A flouriſh. Enter at one doore, Priam, Hecuba, Hector, Troilus, *&c. At the other* Paris, Hellen, Æneas, Antenor, *&c.*

Pri. What Earth, what all mortality
Can in the height of our inuentions finde
To adde to *Hellens* welcome, *Troy* ſhall yeeld her.
Should *Pallas*, Patroneſſe of *Troy* deſcend,
Priam and *Priams* wife, and *Priams* ſonnes

Could

Could not afford Her god-head more applauſe,
Then amply wee beſtow on *Helena*?
Hecu. We count you in the number of our daughters,
Nor can wee doe Queene *Hellen* greater honour.
Hect. I was not forward to haue *Paris* ſent,
But being return'd th'art welcome: I deſired not
To haue bright *Hellen* brought, but being landed,
Hector proclaimes himſelfe her Champion
'Gainſt all the world, and he ſhall guard thee ſafe,
Deſpight all oppoſition.
Par. *Hectors* word
Is Oracle, hee'le ſeale it with his ſword.
Par. And now my turne comes to bid *Hellen* welcome.
You are no ſtranger here, this is your *Troy*,
Priam your father, and this Queene your mother:
Theſe be your valiant brothers, all your friends.
Why ſhould a teare fall from theſe heauenly eyes
Being thus round ingirt with your allyes?
Hel. I am I know not where, nor amongſt whom,
I know no creature that I ſee ſaue you:
I haue left my King, my brothers, ſubiects, friends
For ſtrangers, who ſhould they forſake me now,
I haue no husband, father, brother neare.
Par. Haue you not all theſe, is not *Paris* heere?
Harke how the people hauing *Hellen* ſeene
Appland th'arriuall of the *Spartan* Queene:
And millions that your comming haue attended,
Amazed ſweare ſome Goddeſſe is deſcended.
Troi. No way you can your eyes or body turne,
But where you walke the Prieſts ſhall Incenſe burne.
Æne. The ſacrificed beaſts the ground ſhall beate,
And bright religious fire the Altars heate.
Hect. Nor feare the bruite of warre or threatning ſteele,
Vnited *Greece* wee value not.
Troi. Alone, by *Hector* is this Towne well man'd,
Hee like an Army againſt *Greece* ſhall ſtand.
Par. And who would feare for ſuch a royall wife

To

To ſet the vniuerſall World at ſtrife:
Bright *Hellens* name ſhall liue, and nere haue end,
When all the world about you ſhall contend.
Hel. Be as be may, ſince we are gone thus farre,
Proceede we will in ſpight of threatned warre,
Hazard, and dread? both theſe we nothing hold,
So long as *Paris* we may thus infold.
Par. My father, mother, brothers, ſiſters all,
Ilium and *Troy* in pompe maieſticall,
Shall ſolemnize our nuptials. Let that day
In which we eſpouſe the beauteous *Hellena*,
Be held a holy-day, a day of ioy
For euer, in the Kalenders of *Troy*.
Pri. It ſhall be ſo, we haue already ſent
Our high prieſt *Calchas* to the Oracle
At *Delphos* to returne vs the ſucceſſe,
And a true notice of our future warres,
Whilſt we expect his comming, be't our care,
The *Spartans* ſecond nuptials to prepare. *Exit.*

Enter after an alarum, King Agamemnon, Menelaus Achilles, Aiax, Patroclus, Therſites, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Thou glory of the Greekes, the great commander
Of the ſtout Mirmedons: welcome from *Delphos*,
What ſpeakes the Oracle? the ſacke of *Troy*?
Or the Greekes ruine? ſay ſhal wee be victors,
Or *Priam* tryumph in our ouerthrow.
Achi. The god of *Delphos* ſends you ioyful newes,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors:
Vpon your helmes weare triple ſpangled plumes:
Let all the lowdeſt inſtruments of warre,
With ſterne alarums rowſe the monſter death,
And march we boldly to the wals of *Troy*,
Troy ſhall be ſackt and we be conquerors.
Aiax. Thanks for thy newes *Achilles*, by that honor
My father wonne vpon the wals of *Troy*,

My warlike father *Aiax Telamon*;
I would not for the world, *Priam* ſhould ſend
Inceſtious *Hellen* backe on tearmes of peace.
May ſmooth *Vliſſes* and bold *Diomed*
Whom you haue ſent on your late Embaſſie,
Be welcom'd as *Antenor* was to *Greece*,
Scorn'd and reuil'd, ſince th'Oracle hath ſayd,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors.

Achi. King *Agamemnon* heere's a *Troian* prieſt
Was ſent by *Priam* to the Oracle:
The reuerent man I welcome, and intreate
The General with theſe Princes, do the like.

Agam. Welcome to *Agamemnon* reuerent *Calchas*.

Men. To *Menelaus* welcome.

Aiax. To *Aiax* welcome: father canſt thou fight
As wel as pray, if we ſhould want for men?

Cal. By prayers I vſe to fight, and by my counſel
Giue ayde to Armes.

Aiax. Such as are paſt armes, father *Calchas* ſtill,
Say counſels good, but giue me ſtrength at will,
When you with all your Counſel, in the field
Meete *Hector* with his ſtrength, tel me who'le yeeld?

Aga. The ſtrong built walls of ſtate'ly *Tenedos*
We haue leuel'd with the earth. It now remaines
We march along vnto the wals of *Troy*,
And thunder vengeance in King *Priams* eares,
Had we once anſwere of our Embaſſie.

Aiax. I euer held ſuch Embaſſies as baſe,
The reſtitution of our rauiſht Queene
On termes of parley bars our iſterne reuenge,
And ends our VVar ere fully it beginne.
King *Agamemnon* no, *Aiax* ſayth no,
VVhoſe ſword as thirſty as the parched earth,
Shal neuer ride in peace vpon his thigh,
Whilſt in the towne of *Troy* there breathes a ſoule
That gaue conſent vnto the *Spartans* rape:
March, march, and let the thunder of our drummes

Strike terrour to the Citty *Pergamus*.

Achil. The ſonne of *Telamon* ſpeakes honourably,
Wee haue brought a thouſand ſhips to *Tenedos*,
And euery ſhip full fraught with men at Armes:
And all theſe armed men with fiery ſpirits
Sworne to reuenge King *Menelaus* wrongs,
And burne ſk e-kiſſing *Ilium* to the ground.
Therefore ſtrike vp warres Inſtruments on hye,
And march vnto the Towne couragiouſly.

In their march they are met by Vlyſſes *and King* Diomed, *at which they make a ſtand.*

Aga. Princes, what anſwere touching *Hellena*?

Dio. What anſwere but d ſhonourable tearme?
Contempt and ſcorne pearcht on their leaders browes,
By *Ioue* I thought they would haue ſlaine vs both.
If euer *Hellen* bee redeem d from thence
But by the ſacke of *Troy*, ſay *Diomed*
Is no true ſouldier.

Vlyſſ. Euen in the King
There did appeare ſuch high maieſticke ſcorne
Of threatned ruine, that I thinke himſelfe
Will put on Armes and meete vs in the field:
Wee linger time great *Agamemnon*, march,
That we may buckle with the pride of *Troy*.

Aga. *Priam* ſo inſolent, his ſonnes ſo braue
To intertaine ſo great Embaſſadours
With ſuch vngentle vſage.

Achil. They haue a Knight cal'd *Hector*, on whoſe valour
They build their proud defiance, if I meete him,
Now by the azurd Armes of that bright goddeſſe
From whom I am deſcended, with my ſword
I'le loppe that limbe off, and inforce their pride
Fall at *Achilles* feete, *Hector* and I
Muſt not both ſhine at once in warres bright Skie.

Aiax. When they both meete, the greater dimme the leſſe,
Great Generall, march, *Aiax* indures not words

So well as blowes, in a field glazd with ſwords.

Enter to them in Armes, Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, *&c.*

Pri. Calchas a Traitour?

Par. And amongſt the *Greekes?*

Hect. Baſe runagate wretch, when we their Tents ſurpriſe,
As *Hector* liues the traiterous Prophet dies.

Æne. Let not remembrance of ſo baſe a wretch
Make vs forget our ſafety, th' *Argiue* Kings
Are landed, and this day rac't *Tenedos*:
And bid vs battaile on *Scamander* Plaines.

Tro. Whom we wil giue a braue and proud affront;
Shall we not brother *Hector?*

Hect. Troilus yes,
And beate a fire out of their Burgonets
Shall like an earthy Commet blaze towards Heauen
There grow a fixt ſtarre in the Firmament
To emblaze our laſting glory: Harke their Drums,
Let our Drummes giue them parleance.

A parlie. Both Armies haue an enter-view.

Aga. Is there amongſt your troopes a fellon Prince
Cal'd by the name of *Paris?*

Par. Is there amongſt your troopes a Knight ſo bold
Dares meete that *Paris* ſingle in the field,
And call him fellon?

Hect. Or inſulting *Greeke*,
Is there one *Telamon*, dares ſet his foote
To *Paris* (here hee ſtands) and hand to hand
Maintaine the wrongs done to *Heſione*,
As *Paris* ſhall the rape of *Helena*.

Aiax. Know here is one cal'd *Aiax Telamon*,
Behold him well, ſonne to that *Telamon*:
Thou faine would'ſt ſee, and hee dares ſet his foot
To *Paris* or thy ſelfe.

Hect. Thou durſt not.

Aiax.

Aiax. Dare not?

Hect. Or if thou durſt, by this my warlike hand
I'le make thine head fall where thy foot ſhould ſtand:
And yet I loue thee cuze, know thou haſt parlie'd
With *Troian Hector.*

Aiax. Were't thou ten *Hectors*, yet withall thy might
Thou canſt not make my head fall to my feete,
By *Ioue* thou canſt not cuze.

Achil. I much haue heard
Of ſuch a Knight cal'd by the name of *Hector*,
If thou bee'ſt hee whoſe ſword hath conquerd Kingdomes,
Pannonia, *Illyria*, and *Samothrace*,
And to thy fathers Empire added them:
Achilles as a friend wils thee to ſheath
Thy warlike ſword, retire from *Troyes* defence
And ſpare thy precious life, I would not haue
A Knight ſo fam'd meete an vntimely graue.

Hect. I meet thee in that honourable loue,
And for thine owne ſake wiſh thee ſafe aboord.
For if thou ſtayeſt thou ſonne of *Peleus*,
I'd haue thee know thy fame is not thine owne,
But all ingroſt for mee; not all thy guard
Of warlike *Mirmidons* can wall in thy
From mighty *Hector.*

Dio. Shame you not great Lords
To talke ſo long ouer your menacing ſwords?

All Greeks. Alarme then for *Greece* and *Helena*.

All Troians. As much for vs, for *Troy* and *Hecuba*.

A great alarme and excurſions, after which, enter Hector *and* Paris.

Hect. Oh brother *Paris*, thou haſt this day lodg'd
Thy loue in *Hectors* ſoule, it did me good
To ſee two *Greekiſh* Knights fall in their blood
Vnder thy manly arme

Par. My blowes were touches
Vnto these ponderous strokes great *Hector* gaue.
Oh that this generall quarrell might be ended
In equall opposition, you and I
Against the two most valiant.

Hect. I will try
The vertue of a challenge, in the face
Of all the *Greekes* I will oppose my selfe
To single combate, hee that takes my gage
Shall feele the force of mighty *Hectors* rage.

Alturne. Both the Armies make ready to ioyne battaile, but Hector *steps betwixt them holding vp his Lance.*

Hect. Heare mee yon warlike *Greekes*, you see these fields
Are all dyde purple with the reeking gore
Of men on both sides slaine, you see my sword
Glaz'd in the sanguine moysture of your friends.
I call the sonne of *Saturne* for a witnesse
To *Hectors* words, I haue not met one *Grecian*
Was able to withstand mee, my strong spirit
Would faine be equal'd: Is there in your Troupes
A Knight, whose brest includes so much of valour
To meete with *Hector* in a single warre?
By *Ioue* I thinke there is not: If there be?
To Him I make this proffer; if the gods
Shall grant to him the honour of the day,
And I be slaine; his bee mine honoured Armes,
To hang for an eternall Monument
Of his great valour, but my mangled body
Send backe to *Troy*, to a red funerall pile.
But if hee fall? the armour which hee weares
Ile lodge as Trophies on *Apolloes* shrine,
And yeeld his body to haue funerall rights.
And a faire Monument so neere the Sea,
That Merchants flying in their sayle-wing'd ships
Neere to the shoare in after times may say,

There

There lies the man *Hector* of *Troy* did ſlay,
And there's my Gantlet to make good my challenge.
Men. Will none take vp his gage? ſhall this proud challenge
Bee Intertain'd by none? I know you all
Shame to deny, yet feare to vndertake it:
The cauſe is mine, and mine ſhall be the honour
To combat *Hector*.
Aga. *Menelaus* pawſe,
Is not *Achilles* here, ſterne *Aiax* here,
And Kingly *Diomed*? how will they ſcorne,
That ſtand vpon the honour of their ſtrength,
ſhould you preuent them of this glorious combat.
Par. By *Ioue* I thinke they dare as well take vp
A poyſonous Serpent as great *Hectors* gage.
Aga. Yes *Troian*, ſee'ſt thou not *Æacides*
Dart emmulous lookes on Kingly *Diomed*,
Leaſt hee ſhould ſtoope to take his Gantlet vp.
And ſee how *Diomed* eyes warlike *Aiax*,
Aiax, *Vlyſſes*: euery one inflam'd
To anſwere *Hector*.
Achil. Is there any here
Dares ſtoope whilſt great *Achilles* is in place?
Aiax. I dare.
Dio. And ſo dare I.
Achil. You are all too weake
To incounter with the mighty *Hectors* arme,
This combat ſoly doth belong to mee.
Aiax. Then wherefore do'ſt not thou take vp the Gantlet?
Achil. To ſee if thou or any bolder *Greeke*
Dare be ſo inſolent to touch the ſame,
And barre me of the honour of the combat.
Aiax. By all the gods I dare.
Achil. And all the diuells
I'le loppe his hands off that dares touch the gage.
Vlyſſ. Pray leaue this emulous fury: *Agamemnon*,
To end this difference, and prouide a Champion
To anſwere *Hectors* honourable challenge

Of nine the most reputed valiant:
Let seuerall Lots be cast into an Helme,
Amongst them all one prise, he to whom Fortune
Shall giue the honour: let him straight be arm'd
To incounter migdty Hector on this plaine.

Aga. It shal be so you valiant sonnes of *Priam*:
Conduct your warlike Champion to his Tent,
To breath a while, and put his armour on:
No sooner shal the prise be drawne by any,
And our bold Champion arm'd, but a braue Herald
Shall giue you warning by the trumpets sound,
Till when we will retire vnto our Tents.
As you vnto the Towne.

Par. Faint hearted *Greekes*,
Draw lots to answere such a noble challenge,
Had great *Achilles* cast his Gauntlet downe
Amongst King *Priams* sonnes, the weakest of fifty
Would in the heate of flames, or mouth of Hel,
Answere the challenge of so braue a King.

Hect. *Greekes* to your Tents, to put armour on;
Make hast, I long to know my Champion. *Exeunt all*

Flourish. *Enter aboue vpon the wals*, Priam, Hecuba, Hellena, Polixena, Astianax, Margareton. *with attendants.*

Pri. Here from the wals of *Troy*, my reuerent Queene,
And beautious *Hellen*, we will stay to see
The warlicke combate 'twixt our valiant sonne,
And the Greekes champion. Young *Astianax*,
Pray that thy father may haue Victory.

Asti. Why should you doubt his fortune? whose strong arme
Vnhorst a thousand Knights all in one day;
And thinke you any one amongst the Greekes
Is able to incounter with his strength?

Pri. But howsoeuer child, vnto the pleasure,
Of the high gods, we must referre the combate.

Enter Paris *below.*

Paris.

Par. My royall father, *Hector* in his armes
Sends for your blessing, with the Queene my mother,
And craues your prayers to the all powerfull gods,
To grant him victory.

Pri. Blest may he be with honor, all my orisons
Shall inuocate the gods for his successe.

Par. I almost had forgot faire *Hellena*;
Dart me one kisse from these high battlements
To cheere him with: thanks queen, these lips are charms
Which who so fights for, is secure from harmes.

Heralds *on both sides: the two Champions* Hector *and* Aiax appeare *betwixt the two* Armies.

Agam. None presse too neere the Champions.

Troi. Heralds on both sides, keep the souldiers back.

Hect. Now Greekes let me behold my Champion.

Aiax. Tis I, thy cousen *Aiax Telamon.*

Hec. And Cuz, by *Ioue* thou hast a braue aspect,
It cheeres my blood to looke on such a foe:
I would there ran none of our Troian blood
In all thy veines, or that it were diuided
From that which thou receiuest from *Telamon*:
Were I assured our blood possest one side,
And that the other; by Olimpicke *Ioue*,
I'd thrill my Iauelin at the *Grecian* moysture,
And spare the Troian blood: *Aiax* I loue it
Too deare to shed it, I could rather wish
Achilles the halfe god of your huge army,
Had beene my opposite.

Aia. Hee keepes his Tent
In mournful passion that he mist the combate:
But *Hector*, I shal giue thee cause to say,
There's in the Greekish hoast a Knight a Prince,
As Lyon hearted, and as Gyant strong
As *Thetis* sonne: behold my warlicke Target
Of pondrous brasse, quilted with seauen Oxe hides,
Impenetrable, and so ful of weight,

That ſcarſe a Grecian (ſaue my ſelfe) can lift it:
Yet can I vſe it like a Summers fan,
Made of the ſtately traine of *Iuno's* bird:
My ſword will bite the hardeſt Adamant.
I'le with my Iauelin cleaue a rocke of Marble:
Therefore though great *Achilles* be not here,
Thinke not braue couſen *Hector* but to finde,
Achilles equal both in ſtrength and minde.

Alarum, in this combate both hauing loſt their ſwords and Shields. *Hector* takes vp a great peece of a Rocke, and caſts at *Aiax*; who teares a young Tree vp by the rootes, and aſſailes *Hector*, at which they are parted by both armes.

Aga. Hold, you haue both ſhed blood too deare to looſe,
In ſingle oppoſition.
Par. Is your Champion,
My couſen *Aiax* willing to leaue combate;
Will hee firſt giue the word.
Aia. Sir *Paris* no,
'Twas *Hector* challenge, and 'tis *Hectors* office,
If we ſurceaſe on equal termes of valour,
To giue the word.
Hec. Then here's thy couſins hand,
By *Ioue* thou haſt a luſty pondrous arme:
Thus till we meete againe, lets part both friends;
For proofe whereof *Aiax* we'le interchange
Somewhat betwixt vs, for alliance ſake:
Here take this ſword and target, truſt the blad,
It neuer deceiu'd his maiſter.
Aia. Take of me
This purple ſtudded belt, I won it couſen
From the moſt valiant prince of *Samothrace*:
And weare it for my ſake.

Enter an Herald.

He. *Priam* vnto the Greekiſh General
This profer makes. Becauſe theſe blood-ſtayn'd fields

Are ouer-ſpread with ſlaughter, to take truce
Till all the dead on both ſides be interr'd:
Which if you grant, he here inuites the Generall,
His nephew *Aiax*, and the great *Achilles*,
With twenty of your chiefe ſelected Princes,
To banquet with him in his royal Pallace:
Thoſe reuels ended, then to armes againe.

Aga. A truce for burying of the ſlaughtred bodies
We yeeld vnto: but for our ſafe returne
From *Troy* and you, what pledges haue you found?

Hec. You ſhal not need more then the faith of *Hector*
For *Priams* pledge, King *Agamemnon* take
My faith and honour, which if *Priam* breake,
Ile breake the heart of *Troy*.

Aga. We'le take your honor'd word, this night we'le part,
To morrow morning when fit hower ſhal call,
We'le meete King *Priam* neere his Cities wall. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Tertius Scœna prima.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Braue time, rare change, from fighting now to feaſting:
So many heauy blades to flye in peeces
For ſuch a peece of light fleſh? what's the reaſon?
A Laſſe of my complexion, and this feature
Might haue bin rapt, and ſtolne agayne by *Paris*,
And none of all this ſtirre for't: but I perceiue
Now all the World's turn'd wenchers, and in time
All wenches will turne witches: but theſe Trumpets
Proclaime their enter-view.

A flouriſh. Enter all the Greekes *on one ſide, all the* Troians *on the other: Euery* Troian *Prince intertaines a* Greeke, *and ſo march two and two, diſcourſing, as being conducted by them into the Citty.*

Ther. See here's the picture of a polliticke ſtate,
They all imbrace and hugge, yet deadly hate:
They ſay their are braue Ladies in this *Troy*.
What if *Therſites* ſprucely ſmug'd himſelfe,
And ſtriu'd to hide his hutch-backe: No not I.
Tis held a rule, whom Nature markes in ſhow
And moſt deformes, they are beſt arm'd below.
I'le not conceale my vertues: yet ſhould I venter
To damme my ſelfe for painting, fanne my face
With a dyde Oſtritch plume, plaſter my wrinkles
With ſome old Ladies Trowell, I might paſſe
Perhaps for ſome maide-marrian: and ſome wench
Wanting good eye-ſight, might perhaps miſtake me
For a ſpruce Courtier: Courtier? tuſh, I from
My firſt diſcretion haue abhor'd that name,
Still ſuiting my conditions with my ſhape,
And doe, and will, and can, when all elſe fayle:
Though neither ſooth nor ſpeak wel: brauely rayle,
And that's *Therſites* humour.

Lowd Muſicke. A long table, and a banquet in ſtate, they are ſeated, a Troian *and* Greeke, Hecuba, Polixena, Creſida, *and other Ladies waite,* Calchas *is preſent whiſpering with his Daughter* Creſida.

Pria. After ſo much hoſtility in ſteele,
All welcome to this peacefull intertaine.
Aga. Priam wee know thee to be honourable,
Although our foe Treaſon is to be fear'd
In Peſants not in Princes. *They ſit.*
Hec. Ey ſo, now ſit, a *Troian* and a *Greeke*.
Couſin *Aiax* neere mee, you are next in bloud,
And neere mee you ſhall ſit: the ſtrayne of honour
That makes you ſo renown'd, ſprong from *Heſione*.

Tis

Tis part of *Hectors* bloud, your groſſer ſpirits
Leſſe noble are your father *Telamons*.
Welcome to *Troy*, and *Hector*, welcome all:
Aiax. In *Troy* thy kinſman, but in field thy foe:
Thy welcome Couſin here I pay with thanks,
The truice expir'd, with buffets blowes and knocks.
Hect. For that wee loue the Cuze.
Achil. Me thinks this *Troian Hector*
Out ſhines *Achilles* and his poliſht honours
Eclipſeth our bright glory, till hee ſet
W ee cannot riſe.
Par. King *Menelaus*, we were once your gueſt,
You now are ours, as welcome vnto *Troy*,
As we to *Sparta*.
Men. But that theſe our tongues
Should be as well truce bound as our ſharpe weapons,
We could be bitter *Paris*: but haue done.
Vlyſſ. *Menelaus* is diſcreet, ſuch haynous wrongs
Should be diſcours'd by Armes and not by tongues.
Dio. Why doth *Achilles* eye wander that way?
Achil. Is that a *Troian* Lady?
Troi. Shee is.
Achil. From whence?
Pri. Of vs.
Achil. Her name?
Pri. *Polyxena*.
Achil. *Polixena*? ſhe hath melted vs within,
And hath diſſolu'd a ſpirit of Adamant.
Shee hath done more then *Hector* and all *Troy*,
Shee hath ſubdu'de *Achilles*.
Cal. In one word this *Troy* ſhall be ſackt and ſpoil'd,
For ſo the gods haue told mee, *Greece* ſhall conquer,
And they be ruin'd, leaue then imminent perill,
And flye to ſafety.
Creſ. From *Troilus*?
Cal. From deſtruction, take *Diomed* and liue,
Or *Troilus* and thy death.

Cref. Then *Troilus* and my ruine.
Cal. Is *Creſid* mad?
Wilt thou forſake thy father, who for thee
and for thy ſafety hath forſooke his Countrey?
Cref. Muſt then this Citty periſh?
Cal. Troy muſt fall.
Cref. Alas for *Troy* and *Troilus*.
Cal. Loue King *Diomed*
A Prince and valiant, which made Emphaſis
To his Imperiall ſtile, liue *Diomeds* Queene,
Be briefe, ſay quickly wilt thou? is it done?
Cref. Diomed and you i'le follow, *Troilus* ſhun.
Troi. Bee't *Aiax*, or *Achilles*, that *Greeke* lyes
Who ſpeakes it, i'le maintaine it on his perſon.
Aiax. Ha *Alax!*
Achil. Achilles!
Dio. We ſpeake it, and dares *Troilus* ſay we lie?
Troi. And weare it *Diomed.*
Dio. Dar'ſt thou make't good?
Troi. On *Diomed*, or the boldeſt *Greeke*
That euer manac'd *Troy* excepting none.
All Greeks. None?
All Troians. None.
Hec. Excepting none.
Aga. Kings of *Greece.*
Pri. Princes of *Troy.*
Achil. Achilles baſled?
Aiax. And great *Aiax* brau'd?
Hect. If great *Achilles*, *Aiax*, or the Diuel
braue *Troilus*, hee ſhall braue and buffet thee.
All. Sonne.
Aga. Fellow Kings.
Pri. As wee are *Priam* and your father.
Aga. As wee are *Agamemnon* Generall
Turne not this banquet to a Centaus feaſt,
If their be ſtrife debate it in faire termes,

Know

Show your ſelues gouern'd Princes.

Achil. Wee are appeas'd.

Aiax. Wee ſatisfied, if *Hector* be ſo.

Aga. How grew this ſtrife?

Hect. I know not, onely this I know.
Troilus will maintaine nothing againſt his honour,
And ſo farre, be it through the heart of *Greece*,
Hector will backe him.

Par. So will *Paris* too.

Pri. Mildly diſcourſe your wrongs, faire Princes doe.

Troi. King *Diomed* maintaines his valour thus,
He ſaith it was his Launce diſmounted *Troilus*,
And not the ſtumbling on the breathleſſe courſe
Of one new ſlaine that feld mee.

Par. 'Tis falſe.

Men. 'Tis true.

Par. It was my fortune to make good that field,
And hee fell iuſt before mee, *Diomed* then
Was not within ſixe ſpeares length of the place.

Men. How *Troian* rauiſher?

Par. Call mee not Cuckold maker, *They all riſe.*
I care not what you terme me.

Men. I cannot brooke this wrong.

Par. Say'ſt thou mee ſo madde *Greeke*?

Pri. *Paris*.

Aga. Gouerne you Kingdomes Lords, and cannot ſway
Your owne affection?

Pri. *Paris*, forbeare:
Mildly diſcourſe, and gently wee ſhall heare.

Par. I ſay King *Diomed* vnhorſt not *Troilus*.

Dio. How came I by his horſe then?

Par. As the vnbackt courſer hauing loſt his rider,
Gallopt about the field you met with him,
And catch'd him by the raine.

Troi. Here was a goodly act
To boaſt on, and ſend word to *Creſida*.

Dio. Was no Prince neare when I encountred *Troilus*?

Men.

Men. I was, and ſaw the ſpeare of *Diomed*
Tumble downe *Troylus* but peruſe his armour,
The dint's ſtill in the vainbrace.

Aia. Bee't ſo, or not ſo, at this time forbeare
To vrge extreames. Kings let this health go round,
Pledge me King *Priam* in a cup full crown'd.

Hec. Now after banquet, rouſe: Muſicke ſtrike
A pirhicke ſtraine, we are not all for warre,
Souldiers their ſtormy ſpirits can appeaſe,
And ſometimes play the Courtiers when they pleaſe.

A *lofty dance of fixteene* Princes, *halfe* Troians *halfe* Grecians.

Pri. I haue obſerued *Achilles*, and his eye
Dwels on the face of faire *Polixena*.

Aia. Why is not *Hellen* here at this high feaſt?
I haue ſweat many a drop of blood for her,
Yet neuer ſaw her face.

Achi I could loue *Hector*, what's our cauſe of quarrel?
For *Hellens* rape? that rape hath coſt already
Thouſands of ſoules, why might not this contention
'Twixt *Paris* and the *Spartan* King be ended,
And we leaue *Troy* with honour.

Aia. *Achilles* how?

Achi. Fetch *Hellen* hether, ſet her in the midſt
Of this braue ring of Princes, *Paris* here,
And *Menelaus* heere: ſhe betwixt both:
They court her ore againe, whom ſhe elects
Before theſe Kings, let him inioy her ſtill,
For who would keepe a woman gainſt her wil?

Men. The names of wife and husband, th'interchange
Of our two bloods in young *Hermione*,
To whom we are ioynt parents, *Hellens* honor
All pleade on my part, I am pleaſde to ſtand
To great *Achilles* motion.

Par. So are we.
All that I haue for comfort is but this,

That

That in the day I ſhow the properer man,
Ith'night I pleaſe her better then hee can.
Hec. Are all the Greecian Kings agreed to this?
All. We are, we are.
Hec. Place the two riuals then, each bide his fate,
And vſher in bright *Hellen* in all ſtate.

The Kings promiſcuouſly take their places, Paris *and* Menelaus *are ſeated oppoſite*, Hellen *is brought in betwixt them by* Hecuba *and the Ladies.*

Hel. Oh that I were (but *Hellen*) any thing;
Or might haue any obiect in my eye
Saue *Menelaus*: when on him I gaze,
My errour chides mee, I my ſhame emblaze.
Mene. Oh *Hellen*, in thy cheeke thy guilt appeares,
More I would ſpeake, but words are drown'd in teares.
Aia. A gallant Queene, for ſuch a royall friend
What mortall man would not with *Ioue* contend?
Mene. *Hellen* the time was I might call thee wife,
But that ſtile's changed; I, thou thy ſelfe art chang'd
From what thou waſt: and (moſt inconſtant Dame)
Haſt nothing left thee, ſaue thy face and name.
Pa. And I both theſe haue: haſt thou not conſeſt
Faire *Hellen*, thy exchange was for the beſt.
Mene. What can our *Sparta* value?
Pa. Troy.
Mene. You erre.
Pa. who breathes that *Sparta* would 'fore *Troy* prefer.
Mene. Thou haſt left thy father *Tendarus.*
Pa. To gayne
King *Priam*, Lord of all this princely trayne.
Mene. Thy mother *Leda* thou haſt left who mournes,
And with her piteous teares laments thy loſſe:
Cannot this mooue thee?
Hel. Oh I haue left my mother.
Pa. No *Hellen*, but exchang'd her for another;
Poore *Leda*, for rich *Hecuba*, a bare Queene

For the great *Asian* Empresse.
Men. From *Castor* and from *Pollux* thou hast rang'd
Thy naturall brothers.
Hel. True, true.
Par. No, but chang'd,
For *Hector*, *Troilus*, and the royall store
Of eight and forty valiant brothers more.
Men. If nothing else can moue thee *Helena*,
Thinke of our daughter young *Hermione*.
Hel. My deare *Hermione*.
Men. Canst thou call her deare,
And leaue that issue which thy wombe did beare?
Shee's ours betwixt vs, canst thou?
Par. Can shee? knowing,
A sweeter babe within her sweete wombe growing
Begot last night by *Paris*.
Men. Looke this way *Hellen*, see my armes spread wide,
I am thine husband, thou my *Spartan* bride.
Hel. That way?
Par. My *Hellen*, this way turne thy sight,
These are the armes in which thou layest last night.
Hel. Oh how this *Troian* tempts me!
Men. This way wife,
Thou shalt saue many a *Greeke* and *Troians* life.
Hel. 'Tis true, I know it.
Par. This way turne thine head,
This is the path that leades vnto our bed.
Hel. And 'tis a sweete smooth path.
Men. Heere.
Par. Heere.
Men. Take this way *Hellen*, this is plaine & euen.
Par. That is the way to hell, but this to Heauen:
Bright Comet shine this way.
Men. Cleare starre shoot this,
Here honour dwels.
Par. Here many a thousand kisse.
Hel. That way I should, because I know 'tis meeter.

Men.

Men. Welcome.
Hel. But I'le this way for *Paris* kiſſes ſweeter.
Par. And may I dye an Eunuch if ere morne
I quit thee not.
Men. I cannot brooke this ſcorne,
Grecians to Armes.
Hect. Then *Greece* from *Troy* deuide,
This difference armes, notlanguage moſt deuide.
All Greekes. Come to our Tents.
All Troians. And wee to man the towne.
Hect. Theſe Tents ſhall ſwimme in bloud. (*wayes.*
Greekes. Blood *Troy* ſhall drowne. *Exeunt diuers*
Achil. Yet ſhall no ſtroke fall from *Achilles* arme,
Faire *Polixena*, ſo powerfull is thy charme.
Alarme. Enter Troilus *and* Diomed.
Troi. King *Diomed*!
Dio. My riuall in the loue of *Creſida.*
Troi. Falſe *Creſida*, iniurious *Diomed.*
Now ſhall I prooue in hoſtile enter-change
Of warlike blowes that thou art all vnworthy
The loue of *Creſid.*
Dio. Why cam'ſt thou not on Horſe-backe,
That *Diomed* once againe diſmounting thee
Might greete his Lady with another courſe
Wonne from the hand of *Troilus.*
Troi. Diomed,
By the true loue I beare that trothleſſe Dame
I'le winne thee, and ſend thy Horſe and Armour
Vnto the Tent of *Creſid* guard thy head,
This day by mee thou ſhalt be captiue led.
Alarme. They fight and are parted by the arme,
Diomed *looſeth his Helmet.*
Troi Another Horſe for *Diomed* to flye,
Hee had neuer greater needs then now to runne.
Though hee be fled yet *Troilus* this is thine,
My Steed hee got by ſleight, I this by force.

I'le ſend her this to whom hee ſent my horſe.

Enter Æneas and Achilles *reading a Letter.*

Achil. Is this the anſwere of the note I ſent
To royall *Priam* and Queene *Hecuba*,
Touching their daughter bright *Polixena*?

Æne. Behold Queene *Hecubaes* hand, King *Priams* ſeale,
With the conſent of faire *Polixena*,
Condition'd thus, *Achilles* ſhall forbeare
To dammage *Troy*.

Achi. Returne this anſwer backe,
Tell *Priam* that *Achilles* Arme's benumb'd,
And cannot lift a weapon againſt *Troy*.
Say to Queene *Hecuba* wee are her ſonne,
And not *Achilles*, nor one *Mirmidon*
Shall giue her leaſt affront, as for the Lady
Bid her preſume, we henceforth are her Knight,
And but for her, *Achilles* ſcornes to fight.

Æne. Then thus ſaith *Priam*, but reſtraine thy powers,
And as hee is a King, his daughter's yours.

Achi. Farewell. *Exit.*

Alarme. *Enter* Aiax.

Aiax. *Achilles*, where's *Achilles*, what vnarm'd,
When all the Champaigne where our battailes ioyne,
Is made a ſtanding poole of *Greekiſh* blood,
Where horſes plung d vp to the ſaddle skirts,
And men aboue the waſte wade for their lines,
And canſt thou keepe thy Tent?

Achi. My Lute *Patroclus*.

A *great Alarme. Enter* Agamemnon.

Aga. Let *Greekes*, kill *Greekes*, let's bend vnnaturall armes
Againſt our owne breſts, ere the conquering *Troians*
Haue all the honour of this glorious day.
Can our great Champion touch a womaniſh Lute,
And heare the grones of twenty thouſand ſoules
Gaſping their laſt breath?

Achi. I can.

Alar me.

Alarume. *Enter* Menelaus.

Reſcue, ſome reſcue, the red field is ſtrowd
With *Hectors* honours and young *Troilus* ſpoyles.

Achi. Yet all this moues not me.

Alarum. *Enter* Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſ. How long hath great *Achilles* bin ſurnam'd Coward in *Troy*, that *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Paris*, haue all that name ſo currant in their mouthes?
I euer held him valiant, yet will *Achilles* fight?

Achi. Vlyſſes, no,
Beneath this globe *Achilles* hath no foe.

Vlyſſ. Then here vnarm'd be ſlaine, think'ſt thou they'l ſpare Thee more then vs?

Aiax. Or if thou wilt not arme thee,
Let thy *Patroclus* lead thy *Mirmidons*,
And weare thy Armour.

Vlyſſ. Thy Armour is ſufficient
Without thy preſence being fear'd in *Troy*.

Achi. To ſaue our oath and keepe our Tents from ſacke,
Patroclus don our Armes, lead forth our guard,
And wearing them by no Prince be out-dar'd.

Patro. *Achilles* honours me, what heart can feare,
And great *Achilles* ſword proofe Armour weare?

Exeunt all the Princes, enter Therſites.

Ther. Where's this great ſword and buckler man of *Greece*?
Wee ſhall haue him one of ſneakes noiſe,
And come peaking into the Tents of the *Greeks*,
With will you haue any muſicke Gentlemen.

Achi. Baſe groome, I'l teare thy fleſh like falling Snow.

Ther. If I had *Hectors* face thou durſt not doo't.

Achi. Durſt not?

Ther. Durſt not, hee's in the field, thou in thy Tent,
Hector playing vpon the *Greekiſh* burgonets,
Achilles fingring his effeminate Lute.
And now becauſe thou durſt not meete him in the field, thou haſt counterfeited an humour of loue. *Achilles*?

Thou the Champion of *Greece*, a meere bug-beare,
a ſcar-crow, a Hobby-horſe.

Achi. *Vliſſes* taught thee this, deformed ſlaue.

Ther. Coward thou durſt not do this to *Hector*.

Achi. On thee Ile practiſe, til I meete with him.

The. *Aiax* is valiant, and in the throng of the Troians,
Achilles is turn'd Fidler in the Tents of
The Grecians.

Alarum. *Enter* Diomed *wounded, bringing in*
Patroclus *dying*.

Dio. Looke here *Achilles*.

Achi. *Patroclus?*

Pat. This wound great *Hector* gaue:
Reuenge my death, before I meete my graue.

Enter Vliſſes *and* Aiax *wounded*.

Vliſ. Yet will *Achilles* fight? ſee *Aiax* wounded,
Two hundred of thy warlike Mirmedons
Thou haſt loſt this day.

Aia. Let's beate him to the field.

Achi. Ha?

Aia. Had I loſt a *Patroclus*, a deere friend
As thou haſt done, I would haue dond theſe armes
In which he dyed, ſprung through the Troian hoaſt,
And mauger oppoſition, let the blow
Or by the ſame hand dy'd: come ioyne with me,
And we without this picture, ſtatue of *Greece*,
This ſhaddow of *Achilles*, will once more
Inuade the Troian hoaſt.

Achi. *Aiax?*

Aia. *Achilles?*

Achi. Wee owe thee for this ſcorne.

Aia. I ſcorne that debt:
Thou haſt not fought with *Hector*.

Achi. My honor and my oath both combate in mee:
But Ioue ſwayes moſt.

Alarum. *Enter* Menelaus *and* Agamemnon.

Mene.

Men. Our ſhips are fir'd, fiue hundred gallant veſſels,
Burnt in the Sea, halfe of our Fleete deſtroy'd,
Without ſome preſent reſcue.

Achi. Ha, ha, ha.

Aga. Doth no man aske where is this double fire,
That two wayes flyes towards heauen?
Vpon the right our royall Nauy burnes,
Vpon the left, *Achilles* Tents on fire.

Achi. Our Tent?

Aga. By *Ioue* thy Tent, and all thy Mirmedons,
Haue not the power to quench it: yet great *Hector*
Hath ſhed more blood this day, then would haue ſeru'd
To quench, both Fleete and Tent.

Achi. My ſword and armour:
Polixena, thy loue we will lay by,
Till by this hand, that Troian *Hector* dye.

Aia. I knew he muſt be fired out. *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter* Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, | *with burning ſtaues and fire-bals.*

All the Troians. Strike, ſtab, wound, kill, toſſe firebrands, and *Hector* of *Troy*, and a victorious day. (make way.

Hec. Well fought braue brothers,

Enter Aiax.

Aga. What's hee?

Troi. Tis *Aiax*, downe with him!

Hec. No man preſume to dart a feather at him
Whilſt we haue odds: couſen if thou ſeekeſt combate?
See we ſtand ſingle, not one Troian here,
Shall lay a violent hand vpon thy life,
Saue wee our ſelfe.

Aia. Couſen th'art honorable,
I now muſt both intreate and coniure thee,
For my old Vncle *Priams* ſake, his ſiſter
Heſione my mother, and thine Aunt:
This day leaue thine aduantage, ſpare our Fleete,
And let vs quench our Tents, onely this day

Stay

Stay thy Victorious hand, tis *Aiax* pleades,
Who but of *Ioue* hath neuer begg'd before,
And ſaue of *Ioue*, will not intreate againe.
All Troians. Burne, ſtill more fire.
Hect. Ile quench it with his blood
That addes one ſparke vnto this kindled flame:
My couſin ſhall not for *Heſiones* ſake
Be ought denide of *Hector*, ſhe's our Aunt:
Thou, then this day haſt ſau'd the Grecian Fleete:
Let's ſound retreat, whoſe charge made al Greece quak,
We ſpare whole thouſands for one *Aiax* ſake.
A Retreate ſounded. *Exeunt the* Troians.
Aia. Worthieſt a liue thou haſt, Greece was this day
At her laſt caſt, had they purſude aduantage:
But I deuine, hereafter from this hower,
We neuer more ſhal ſhrinke beneath their power. *Exit.*
Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scœna prima.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Hectors *armour bearer, with others.*

Hec. My armour, and my truſty *Galatee*,
The proudeſt ſteed that euer rider backt,
Or with his hooſes beate thunder from the earth,
The Sunne begins to mount the Eaſterne hill,
And wee not yet in field: Lords yeſterday
Wee ſlipt a braue aduantage, elſe theſe ſhips
That floate now in the *Samothracian* road,
And with their wauing pendants menace *Troy*,
Had with their flames reflecting from the Sea,
Gilt thoſe high towers, which now they proudly braue.
Troi. On then; *Achilles* is vnconquered yet,

Great

Great *Agamemnon* and the *Spartan* King,
Aiax the bigge-bond Duke of *Salamine*,
With him that with his Lance made *Kenus* bleed,
The bold, (but euer rash) King *Diomed*.
To lead these captiue through *Scamander* Plaines,
That were a taske worth *Hector*.

Par. Why not vs?
Yet most becomming him, come then *Æneas*,
Let each Picke one of these braue Champions out
And single him a captiue.

Æne. 'Twere an enterprise
That would deserue a lasting Chronicle:
Lead on renowned *Hector*.

Hect. Vnnimble slaue,
Dispatch, make hast, I would be first in field,
And now I must be cal'd on.

Enter Andromache *and* young Astianax.

Andro. Oh stay deare Lord, my royall husband stay,
Cast by thy shield, fellow vncase his armes,
Knock off the riuets, lay that baldricke by,
But this one day rest with *Andromache*.

Hec. What meanest thou woman?

Andro. To saue my honoured Lord
From a sad fate, for if this ominous day,
This day disastrous, thou appear'st in field
I neuer more shall see thee.

Hec. Fond *Andromache*.
Giue me some reason for't.

Andro. A fearefull dreame,
This night me thought I saw thee 'mongst the *Greekes*
Round girt with squadrons of thine enemies,
All which their Iauelins thrild against thy breast,
And stucke them in thy bosome.

Hec. So many Squadrons,
And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* breast,
Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not?

Par. Did none of all theſe darts rebound from *Hector*
And hit thee ſiſter, for (my Laſſe) I know,
Thou haſt been oft hit by thine *Hector* ſo.

Andro. Oh doe not ieſt my husband to his death,
I wak't and ſlept, and ſlept and wak't againe:
But both my ſlumbers and my ſounde ſleepes
Met in this one maine truth, if thou this day
Affront their Army or oppoſe their fleete,
After this day we ne're more ſhall meete.

Hect. Truſt not deceptious viſions, dreame, are fables,
Adulterate Sceanes of Anticke forgeries
Playd vpon idle braines, come Lords to horſe,
To keepe me from the field, dreames haue no force.

Andro. Troilus, Æneas, Paris, young *Aſtianax,*
Hang on thy fathers armour, ſtay his ſpeed.

Aſti. Father, ſweete father do not fight to day.

Hect. Helpe to take off theſe burrs, they trouble mee.

Andro. Hold, hold thy father, if thou canſt not kneele,
Yet with thy teares intreate him ſtay at home.

Aſti. I'l hang vpon you, you ſhall beate me father
Before I let you goe.

Hect. How boy? I'le whippe you if you ſtirre a foot,
Go get you to your mother.

Pa. Come to horſe.

Enter Priam, Hecuba, Hellen, *&c.*

Pri. *Hector*, I charge thee by thine honour ſtay,
Go not this day to battaile.

Hect. By all the gods
Andromache, thou doſt abate my loue
To winne mee from my glory.

Hec. From thy death.
Troilus, perſwade thy brother, daughter *Hellen*,
Speake to thy *Paris* to intreate him too.

Hel. *Paris* ſweete husband.

Pa. Leaue your cunning *Helen*,
My brother ſhall to the field.

Hel.

Hel. But by this kiſſe thou ſhalt not.
Pa. Now haue not I the heart to ſay her nay:
This kiſſe hath ouercome mee.
Andro. My deareſt loue,
Pitty your wife, your ſonne, your father, all
Theſe liue beneath the ſafeguard of that arme;
Pitty in vs whole *Troy* all ready doom'd
To ſinke beneath your ruine.
Pri. If thou fall,
Who then ſhall ſtand? *Troy* ſhall conſume with fire
(That yet remaines in thee) wee periſh all,
Or which is worſe, led captiue into *Greece*:
Therefore deare *Hector*, caſt thy armour off.
Andro. Husband.
Hecu. Sonne.
Hel. Brother.
Hect. By *Ioue* I am reſolu'd.
Andro. Oh all yee gods!
Hect. Not all the diuells
Could halfe torment me like theſe women tongues!
Pa. At my entreaty, and for *Hellens* loue,
Leaue vs to beare the fortunes of this day,
Heres *Troilus* and my ſelfe will make them ſweare,
Ere the fight end there are two *Hectors* here.
Æne. Beſides *Æneas*, and *Deiphebus*
Young *Margareton*, and a thouſand more
Sworne to ſet fire on all their Tents this day,
Then *Hector* for this once reſolue to ſtay.
Hect. To horſe then *Paris*, do not linger time,
Pa. To horſe, come brother *Troilus*.
Hect. Watch *Margareton*, if the youthfull Prince
Venter beyond his ſtrength, let him haue reſcue.
Troi. Hee ſhall be all our charge.
Pri. *Hector* let's mount vpon the walls of *Troy*,
And thence ſurueigh the battaile.
Hect. Well bee't ſo.
But if one *Troian* ſhall for ſuccour cry,

I'le leaue the walls and to his reſcue flye. *Exit.*

Enter Troilus *and* Diomed *after an alarum.*

Troi. King *Diomed.*

Dio. Creſids firſt loue.

Troi. Yes *Diomed* and her laſt,
I'le liue to loue her when thy life is paſt.

Enter Menelaus *both vpon* Troilus.

Men. Hold Troian, for no *Greeke* muſt be diſarm'd.

Enter Paris.

Pa. Vnmanly odds, King *Menelaus* turne
Thy face this way, 'tis Troian *Paris* calls:

Men. Of all that breath, I loue that *Paris* tongue
When it ſhall call to Armes: Now one ſhal downe.

Alarum. Menelaus *falls.*

Par. Thou keep'ſt thy word, for thou art downe indeed.
Yet by the ſword of *Paris* ſhalt not dye.
I ſlew thy fame when I firſt ſtole thy Queene,
And therefore *Spartan* will now ſpare thy life:
Achilles, Diomed, Aiax, one of three
Were noble priſe, thou art no ſpoyle for mee.

Alarum. *Enter aboue* Priam, Hector, Aſtianax, Hecuba, Hellen, *&c. Below* Achilles *and* Margareton.

Achil. If thou bee'ſt noble by thy blood and valour,
Tell mee if *Hector* bee in field this day.

Marg. Thy coniuration hath a double ſpell,
Hector is not in field, but here I ſtand
Thy warlike oppoſite.

Achi: Thou art young and weake, retire and ſpare thy life,

Mar. I'm *Hectors* brother, none of *Hectors* blood
Did euer yet retreite.

Achi. If *Hectors* friend, *Achilles kils him.*
Here muſt thy life and glory both haue end.

Hec. Oh father, ſee where *Margareton* lyes,
Your ſonne, my brother by *Achilles* ſlaine.

Pri.

Pri. Thy brother *Troylus* will reuenge his death:
But *Hector* shall not mooue.

Hec. Troylus nor all the Troians in the field
Can make their swords bite on *Achilles* shield:
'Tis none but *Hector* must reuenge his death.

Pri. But not this day.

Hect. Before the Sunne decline,
That terrour of the earth I'le make deuine.

Exit from the wals.

Alarum. *Enter* Hector *beating before him* Achilles Mermidons.

Hect. Thus flyes the dust before the Northern winds,
And turnes to Attoms dancing in the ayre,
So from the force of our victorious arme,
Flye armed squadrons of the boldest Greekes,
And mated at the terrour of our name,
So cleare the field before me, no mans fauour'd:
The blood of three braue Princes in my rage,
I haue sacrific'd to *Margaritons* soule.
Aiax Oileus, Aiax Telamon,
Merionus, Menelaus, Idomea,
Arch-dukes and Kings haue shrunke beneath this arme,
Besides a thousand Knights haue falne this day
Beneath the fury of my pondrous blowes:
And not the least of my victorious spoyles,
Quiuer'd my Iauelin through the brawny thigh
Of strong *Achilles*, and I seeke him still,
Once more to tug with him: my sword and breath
Assist me still, till one drop downe indeath.

Enter Achilles *with his guard of* Mermidons.

Achi. Come cast your selues into a ring of terrour,
About this warlike Prince, by whom I bleede.

Hec. What meanes the glory of the Grecian hoast,
Thus to besiege me with his Mermidons?
And keepe aloofe himselfe.

Achil. That ſhall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breaſt,
For young *Patrocles* death, for my diſhonours,
For thouſand ſpoyles, and for that infinite wracke
Our Army hath indur'd onely by thee,
Thy life muſt yeeld me ſatisfaction.

Hec. My life? and welcome, by *Apolloes* fire,
I neuer ventred blood with more content,
Then againſt thee *Achilles*, come prepare.

Achil. For eminent death, you of my warlike guard,
My Mermidons, for ſlaughters moſt renown'd,
Now ſworne to my deſignements, your ſteele polaxes,
Fixe all at once, and girt him round with wounds.

Hec. Diſhonourable Greeke, *Hector* nere dealt
On baſe aduantage, or euer lift his ſword
Ouer a quaking foe, but as a ſpoyle
Vnworthy vs, ſtill left him to his feare:
Nor on the man, whom ſingly I ſtrake downe,
Haue I redoubled blowes, my valour ſtill
Oppoſde againſt a ſtanding enemy.
Thee haue I twice vnhorſt, and when I might
Haue ſlaine thee groueling, left thee to the field,
Thine armour and thy ſhield impenetrable,
Wrought by the god of *Lemnos* in his forge
By arte diuine, with the whole world ingrauen,
I haue through pierc't, and ſtill it weares my skarres:
Forget not how laſt day, euen in thy tent
I feaſted my good ſword, and might haue flung
My bals of wild-fire round about your Fleete,
To haue ſent vp your Greekiſh pride in flames,
Which would haue fixt a ſtarre in that high Orbe,
To memorize to all ſucceeding times
Our glories and your ſhames, yet this I ſpar'd,
And ſhall I now be ſlayne by treachery?

Achi Tell him your anſwer on your weapons points,
Vpon him my braue ſouldiers.

Hec. Come you ſlaues,

Before

Before I fall, Ile make some food for graues,
That gape to swallow cowards: ceaze you dogges.
Vpon a Lyon with your armed phangs,
And bate me bravely, where I touch I kill,
And where I fasten teare body from soule,
And soule from hope of rest: all Greece shall know,
Blood must run wast in *Hectors* ouerthrow.

Alarum. Hector *fals slayne by the* Mermidons, *then* Achilles *wounds him with his Launce.*

Achi. Farwell the nob'lest spirit that ere breath'd
In any terrene mansion: Take vp his body
And beare it to my Tent: Ile straight to horse,
And at his fetlockes to my greater glory,
Ile dragge his mangled trunke that Grecians all,
May deafe the world with shouts, at *Hectors* fall.

Enter Priam, Æneas, Troilus, Paris.

Pri. Blacke fate, blacke day, be neuer Kallendred
Hereafter in the number of the yeare,
The Planets cease to worke, the Spheares to moue,
The Sunne in his meridian course to shine,
Perpetuall darknesse ouerwhelme the day,
In which is falne the pride of *Asia.*

Troi. Rot may that hand,
And euery ioynt drop peece-meale from his arme,
That tooke such base aduantage on a worthy,
Who all aduantage scorn'd.

Pa. Yet though his life they haue basely tane away,
His body we haue rescued mauger Greece.
And *Paris*, I the meanest of *Priams* sonnes,
Haue made as many Mermidons weepe blood,
As had least finger in the VVorthies fall.

Pri. VVhat but his death could thus haue arm'd my hand,
Or drawne decreeped *Priam* to the field:
That starre is shot, his luster quite ecclips'd:
And shall we now, surrender *Hellena?*

Pa. Not till *Achilles* lye as dead as *Hector*,
And *Aiax* by *Achilles*, not whilst *Ilions*

Hath one ſtone rear'd vpon anothers backe
To ouer-looke theſe wals, or theſe high wals
To ouer-peere the plaine.
Troi. Contrary Elements,
The warring meteors, Hell and *Elizium*
Are not ſo much oppoſ'd, as *Troy* and Greece,
For *Hector*, *Hectors* death.
Par. A moſt ſad Funerall
Will his in *Troy* be, where ſhall ſcarſe an eye
Of twice two hundred thouſand be found drye:
Theſe obets once paſt o're, which we deſire,
Thoſe eyes that now ſhed water, ſhall ſpeake fire.
Æne. Now ſound retreate.
Pri. Wee backe to *Troy* returne,
Where euery ſoule in funeral black ſhall mourne. *Exit.*
Par. *Hector* is dead, and yet my brother *Troilus*
A ſecond terrour to the Greekes ſtill liues.
In him there's hope ſince all his Mermidons
Hauing felt his fury, flye euen at his name.
But muſt the proud *Achilles* ſtill inſult
And tryumph in the glory of baſe deedes?
No, *Hector* hee deſtroy'd by treachery,
And hee muſt dye by craft. But *Priams* temper
Will nere bee brought to any baſe reuenge:
A woman is moſt ſubiect vnto ſpleene,
And I will vſe the braine of *Hecuba*:
This bloody ſonne of *Thetis* doth ſtill doate
Vpon the beauty of *Polexina*;
And that's the baſe we now muſt build vpon.
My mother hath by ſecret letters wrought him
Once more to abandon both the field and armes:
The plot is caſt, which if it well ſucceede,
He that's of blood inſatiate, muſt next bleed. *Exit.*

Achilles diſcouered in his Tent, about him his bleeding Mermidons, himſelfe wounded, and with him *Viliſſes*.

Viliſſes.

Vliſ. Why will not great *Achilles* don his Armes,
And rowſe his bleeding *Mirmidons?* ſhall *Troilus*
March backe to *Troy* with armour, ſword, and lance,
All dyde in *Grecian* blood? ſhall aged *Priam*
Boaſt in faire *Iſlium* that the ſonne of *Thetis*,
Whoſe warlike ſpeare pierc't mighty *Hectors* breſt,
Lies like a coward ſlumbring in his Tent,
Becauſe hee feares young *Troilus*.

Achi. Pardon mee,
Vliſſes, here's a Briefe from *Hecuba*,
Wherein ſhee vowes, if I but kill one Troian,
I neuer ſhall inioy *Polixena*.

Vliſ. But thinks *Achilles*, if the *Greekes* be ſlaine,
And forc't perforce to march away from *Troy*,
That hee ſhall then inioy *Polixena?*
No, 'tis King *Priams* ſubtilty, whilſt thou
Sleep'ſt in thy Tent, *Troilus* through all our Troups
Makes Lanes of ſlaughtered bodies, and will toſſe
His Balls of wild-fire as great *Hector* did
O're all our nauall forces: But did this Prince
Lye breathleſſe bleeding at *Achilles* feet,
Diſpairing *Priam* would to make his peace
Make humbly tender of *Polixena*,
And be much proud to call *Achilles* ſonne?

Achi. Were *Troilus* ſlaine?

Vliſ. Who elſe deales wounds ſo thicke and faſt as hee,
They call him *Hectors* ghoſt, he glides ſo quicke
Through our Battalions: If hee beate vs hence,
And weebee then compel'd to ſue to them?
It will be anſwer'd, that great *Hectors* death's-man
Shall neuer wedd his ſiſter: *Hectors* ſonne
Will neuer kneele to him, by whoſe ſtrong hand
His father fell; but were young *Troilus* ſlaine,
And *Priams* ſonnes ſent wounded from the field,
Troy then would ſtoope, and ſend *Polixena*
Euen to *Achilles* Tent.

Achi. My ſword and armour,

Ariſe my bleeding miniſters of death,
I'le feaſt you with an Ocean of blood-royall.
Vlyſſes, ere this Sunne fall from the skies,
By this right hand the warlike *Troilus* dyes.

Alarum. *Enter* Troilus *and* Therſites.

Ther. Hold if thou bee'ſt a man.

Troi. Stand if thou bee'ſt a ſouldier, do not ſhrinke.

Ther. Art not thou *Troilus*, yong and luſty *Troilus*.

Troi. I am, what then?

Ther. And I *Therſites*, lame and impotent,
What honour canſt thou get by killing mee?
I cannot fight.

Troi. What mak'ſt thou in the field then?

Ther. I came to laugh at mad-men, thou art one;
The Troians are all mad, ſo are the *Greeks*
To kill ſo many thouſands for one drabbe,
For *Hellen*: a light thing, doe thou turne wiſe
And kill no more; I ſince theſe warres began
Shed not one drop of blood.

Troi. But proud *Achilles*
Slew my bold brother, and you *Grecians* all
Shall periſh for the noble *Hectors* fall.

Ther. Hold, the Pox take thee hold, whilſt I haue breath,
I am bound to curſe thy fingers.

Enter Achilles *with his* Mirmidons, *after* Troilus *hath beaten* Therſites.

Achil. I might haue ſlaine young *Troilus* when his ſword
Late ſparkled fire out of the *Spartans* helme,
But that had ſtild my fame, but I will trace him
Through the whole Army, when I meete the Troian
Breathleſſe and faint: I'le thunder on his creſt
Some valour, but aduantage likes mee beſt.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Let Cowards fight with Cowards, and both feare,
The baſe *Therſites* is no match for mee,
Oppoſe mee to the proudeſt hee in field,

Mee

Moſt eminent in Armes and beſt approu'd,
To make the thirſty after blood to bleed,
And that's the proud *Achilles.*

Achi. Who names vs?

Troi. Fate, thou haſt now before me ſet the man
Whom I moſt ſought, to thee whom I will offer
To appeaſe *Hectors* ghoſt a ſacrifice.
You widdowed Matrons who now mourne in teares,
And all you watry eyes ſurceaſe to weepe.
Fathers that in this warre haue loſt your ſonnes,
And ſonnes your fathers, by *Achilles* hand;
No more lament vpon their funerall Armes,
But from this day reioyce: poſterity
From age to age this to ſucceſſion tell,
Hee falls by *Troilus*, by whom *Hector* fell.

Achi. Hectors ſad fate betyde him, ſouldiers on!
Both brothers ſhew like mercy, thy vaine ſound
That boaſted lyes now leuel'd with the ground.

Troilus *is ſlaine by him and the* Mirmidons.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. *Achilles!*

Achi. What's hee? *Therſites?*

Ther. Thou art a coward.

Achi. Haue I not ſau'd thy life, and ſlaine proud *Troilus*
By whom the *Greekes* lye pilde in breathleſſe heapes?

Ther. Yes when he was out of breath ſo thou ſleweſt *Hector*
Girt with thy *Mirmidons.*

Achi. Dogged *Therſites,*
I'le cleaue thee to thy Nauell if thou op'ſt
Thy venemous Iawes.

Ther. Doe, doe, good Dog-killer.

Achi. You ſlaue.

Ther. I am out of breath now too, elſe bug-bate *Greeke*
Thou durſt not to haue touch't mee.

Achilles *beates him off, retreate ſounded. Enter* Agamemnon, Aiax, Vlyſſes, *&c. all the other but* Paris.

Agam. To whom doſt thou addreſſe thine Embaſie?
Par. To *Achilles.*
Aga. And not the Generall? It concernes our place
To heare King *Priams* embaſie.
Pa. Let mee haue paſſage to *Achilles* Tent,
There *Agamemnon* (if you pleaſe) may heare
What *Priam* ſends to your great Champion.
Aga. Let it bee ſo,
Aiax. The Generall wrongs that honour
Wee Princes in our loue conferre on him.
Had I th imperiall mandat in my mouth,
I would not looſe one jot of my command
For all the proud *Achilles*'s on earth,
Take him at beſt hee's but a fellow peere,
And ſhould lift his head aboue the Clouds
I hold my ſelfe his equall.
Enter Achilles *from his Tent.*
Achi. Vntuterd *Aiax.*
Aia. Who ſpake that word?
Achi. 'Twas I *Achilles*, let the ſonne of *Priam*
Bee priuat with vs:
Aga. It belongs to vs
To bee partakers of his Embaſie.
Achi. Diſmiſſe then our Inferiours, you *Uliſſes*
Are welcome, *Menelaus*, *Diomed.*
Let *Aiax* ſtay without, and know his duty. *Exit.*
Aiax. Duty? Oh you gods!
Ha? in what Dialect ſpake hee that language
Which *Greece* yet neuer knew, wee owe to him?
I'le after him and dragge him from his Tent,
And teach the inſolent, manners: Giue mee way,
Uliſſes, thou and all the world ſhal know,
That ſaue the obedience that I owe the gods,
And duty to my father *Telamon*,
Aiax knowes none, no not to *Agamemnon*:
For what hee hath of mee's my courteſie,
What hee claimes elſe, or the proud'ſt *Greeke* that breaths,

I'le

I'le pay him in the poor'ſt and baſeſt ſcorne
Contempt was ere expreſt in.
Vliſ. *Aiax* you are too bold with great *Achilles*,
You beare your ſelfe more equall then you ought,
With one ſo troph y'd.
Aia. Bold? oh my merits,
Are you ſo ſoone forgot? why King of *Ithaca*,
What hath this Toy (aboue ſo talkt of) done,
Sauing ſlaine *Hector*, which at beſt receiu'd
Was but ſcarſe fairely, which the common tongues,
Voyces, with baſe aduantage.
Vliſ. Yes, Prince *Troilus*
Surnam'd the ſecond *Hector*, lyeth imbak'd
In his cold blood, ſlayne by *Achilles* hand:
The ſtreame of glory now runnes all towards him:
Achilles lookes for't *Aiax*.
Aia. But when *Achilles* ſlumbred in his Tent,
Or waking with his Lute courted the ayre;
Then *Aiax* did not beare himſelfe too bold
With this great Champion: when I ſau'd our Fleete
From *Hectors* wild-fire, I deſeru'd ſome prayſe,
But then your tongues were mute.
Vliſ. You in theſe times
Did not affect oſtent, but ſtill went on:
But *Thetis* ſonne lookes for a world of ſound
To ſpread his attributes.
Aia. The proud *Achilles*
Shall not out-ſhine me long, in the next battaile,
If to kill Troians bee to dim his prayſe,
I'le quench his luſter by my bloody rayes.

Enter Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomed, Menelaus *and* Paris, *&c.*

Pa. Shall I returne that anſwere to King *Priam*?
Achi. Say in the morning we will viſite him:
So beare our kind regreetes to *Hecuba*.
Aia. But will *Achilles* truſt himſelfe with *Priam*,
Whoſe warlike ſonnes were by his valour ſlaine?

Achi. *Priam* is honourable, ſee here's his hand,
His Queene religious, and behold her name:
Polixena deuine, reade here, her vowes,
Honor, religions, and diuinity,
All ioyntly promiſing *Achilles* ſafety:
Paris, you heare our anſwere, ſo returne it.
Pa. We ſhal receiue *Achilles* with al honor. *Exit.*
Mene. Were I *Achilles* and had ſlaine great *Hector*,
With valiant *Troilus*, *Priams* beſt lou'd ſonnes,
I for the brighteſt Lady in all *Aſia*,
Would not ſo truſt my perſon with the father.
Achi. I am reſolu'd, *Vlyſſes* you once told mee
Priam would ſleepe if *Troilus* once were ſlayne.
Vlyſſ. And I dare gage my life, the reuerent King
Intends no treaſon to *Achilles* perſon,
But meerely by this honourable League,
To draw our warlike Champion from the field.
Achi. But we'le deceiue his hopes: feare not great Kings,
When ſo my Tent I bring *Polixena*:
The ſooner *Troy* lyes leuell with the ground.
You vnderſtand me Lords; ſhall I intreate you
Aſſociate me vnto the ſacred Temple
Of Diuine *Phabus*?
Aga. In me theſe Kings ſhall anſwere, wee in peace
Will bring *Achilles* to *Apolloes* ſhrine,
Prouided, *Priam* ere we enter *Troy*,
Will giue vs hoſtage for our ſafe returne.
Achi. My honour'd hand with his. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris *and* Hecuba.

Hecu. Oh *Paris*, till *Achilles* lye as dead,
As did thy brother *Hector* at his feete,
His body hackt with as many wounds,
As was thy brother *Troilus* when he fell.
I neuer, neuer ſhall haue peace with Heauen,
Or take thee for their brother, or my ſonne.
Par. Mother I hate *Achilles* more then you;

But I haue heard hee is invulnerable:
His mother *Thetis* from the Oracle
Receiuing answere, hee should dye at *Troy*;
(Being yet a childe,) and to preuent that fate,
She dipt him in the Sea, all saue the heele:
These parts she drencht, remayne impenetrable;
But what her dainty hand (forbore to drowne)
As loath to feele the coldnesse of the waue,
That, and that onely may bee pierc'd with steele.
Now since I know his fellow Kings intend,
To be his guard to *Ilium*: what's my rage?
Or this my weapon to destroy a Prince,
Whose flesh no sword can bite off.

Hecu. Haue I not heard thee *Paris*, praise thy selfe
For skill in Archery? haue I not seene
A shaft sent leuell from thy constant hand,
Command the marke at pleasure? maist not thou
With such an arrow, and the selfe-same bow,
Wound proud *Achilles* in that vndrencht part,
And by his heele draw lines blood from his heart?

Par. Well thought on, the rare cunning of this hand;
None saue the powers immortall can with stand:
When in the Temple hee shall thinke to imbrace
My sister *Polixena*. Ile strike him there.
The Greekes are entred *Troy*. Let's fill the trayne
To auoyde suspect, and now my shaft and bow,
Greece from my hand, receiue thine ouerthrow.

Enter at one doore Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, Hellena, *and* Polixena. *At the other,* Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed, Thersites, *and* Aiax. *They interchange imbraces,* Polixena *is giuen to* Achilles, *&c.*

Pri. Though the dammage you haue done to *Troy*,
Might cease our armes, and arme our browes with wrath,
Yet with a smooth front, and heart vnfeigned,
Now bid *Achilles* welcome; welcome all.

Before e

Before theſe Kings, and in the ſight of *Hellen*,
The deareſt of my daughters *Polixen*
I tender thee: on to *Apolloes* ſhrine,
The flamin ſtayes: theſe nuptiall rights once paſt,
You of our beſt varieties ſhall taſte. *Exeunt.*

Paris *fetcheth his Bow and arrowes.*

Par. My bow! now thou great god of Archery,
The Patron of our action and our vowes,
Direct my ſhaft to wound bright *Thetis* ſonne,
And let it not offend thy deity,
That in thy Temple I exhauſt his blood,
Without reſpect of place, reuenge ſeemes good. *Exit.*

A *great crye within.* *Enter* Paris.

Par. Tis done, *Achilles* bleedes, immortal powers
Clap hands, and ſmile to ſee the Greeke fall dead,
By whom the valiant *Hectors* blood was ſhed.

Enter all the Troians, and the Greekes *bringing in* Achilles *with an* arrow *through his* heele.

Aga. Priam, thou haſt diſhonourably broake
The Lawes of Armes.
Pri. By all the gods I vowe,
I was a ſtranger to this horrid act:
It neuer came from *Priam*.
Vliſſ. Call for your Surgeon then to ſtop his wound.
Mene. For if hee dye, it will be regiſtred
For euer to thy ſhame.
Pri. A Surgeon there.
Achi. It is in vaine for liue, that god of Phyſicke
We Grecians honor in a Serpents ſhape;
He could not ſtanch my blood: know fellow Kings
My mother *Thetis* by whoſe heauenly wiſdome,
My other parts were made invulnerable.

Could

Could not of all the gods obtayne that grace,
But that my blood, vented as now it is,
The wound ſhould be incureable: what Coward
That durſt not looke *Achiles* in the face,
Hath found my liues blood in this ſpeeding place?

Par. 'Twas I, 'twas *Paris*.

Aiax. 'Twas a milke-ſop then.

Diom. A Traytor to all Valour.

Par. Did not this bleeding Greeke kil valiaht *Heetor*,
Incompaſt with his Guard of Mermidons?

Pri. Degenerate *Paris*, not old *Priams* ſonne,
Thou neuer took'ſt thy treacherous blood from me,

Aia. How cheeres *Achiles*, though thy too much pride
Which held the heart of *Aiax* from thy loue,
He'le be the formoſt to reuenge thy death.

Achil. Gramercy noble *Aiax*, *Agamemnon*,
Uliſſes, *Diomed*, I feele my ſtrength
Begins to fayle, let me haue buriall,
And then to Armes, reuenge *Achilles* death:
Or if proud *Troy* remayne inuincible,
To *Lycomedes* ſend to youthfull *Pirhus*,
My ſonne begot on bright *Dedamia*;
And let him force his vengeance through the hearts
Of theſe, by whom his father was betray'd.
I faint, may euery droppe of blood I ſhed,
Exhald by Phœbus, putrifie the ayre,
That euery ſoule in *Aſia* that drawes breath,
May poyſoned dye for great *Achilles* death.

Aga. He's dead, the pride of all our Grecian army,

Vlyſſ. Will *Priam* let vs beare his body hence?

Par. Yes, and not drag it 'bout the wals of *Troy*,
As hee did *Hectors* baſely.

Pri. Take it, withall truce, time to bury it.

Aga. Come Princes, on your ſhoulders beare him then,
Braueſt of ſouldiers, and the beſt of men.

They beare him off. And to Priam *enter*
Æneas.

Æne. Where's mighty *Priam?*
Pri. What's the newes *Æneas?*
Æne. Such as will make your highnes doff your age
And be as youthfull ſpirited as the Spring:
Penthiſilea Queene of *Amazons*,
With mighty troopes of Virgin warriers,
Gallant Veragoes, for the loue of *Hector*,
And to reuenge his death, are entred *Troy*.
May it pleaſe you, to receiue the *Scithean* Queene.
Pri. What *Troy* can yeeld, or *Priam* can expreſſe,
The *Amazonian* Princeſſe ſhall pertake:
Come *Hecuba*, and Ladies, let's prepare,
To bid her friendly welcome to this warre.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus Scœna prima.

Enter Therſites *with Souldiers, bringing in a table, with chayres and ſtooles plac'd about it.*

Ther. Come, come, ſpread, ſpread, vp with the pulpets ſtraight,
Seates for the Iudges, all the Kings of Greeee.
Why when you lazy drudges? Is this place
For a whole Iury royall? where's the Armour,
The prize for which the crafty Fox *Vliſſes*,
And mad Bull *Aiax*, muſt this day contend?
What, is all ready? rare world. when inſteade
Of ſmooth tong'd Lawyers, Souldiers now muſt pleade.

Loud Muſicke. Enter all the Kings of Greece, *the* Armour *of* Achilles, *borne betwixt* Vlyſſes *and* Aiax, *and plac'd vpon the table, the* Princes *ſeate themſelues, a chayre is plac'd at eyther end of the Stage, the one for* Aiax, *the other for* Vlyſſes.

Agam.

Aga. This Sessions valiant Duke of *Salamine*,
And King of *Ithaca* was cald for you:
Since great *Achilles* armour is the prise,
Due to the worthier, heere before these Kings,
And in the face of all the multitude,
You are appoynted for your seuerall pleaes,
That prince who to these armes can prooue most right,
Shall weare his purchase in the armies sight.

Aia. If to the worthiest they belong to mee:
Could you select 'mongst all this throng of Princes,
None worthier then *Vlisses*, to contend
With *Aiax?* and in viewe of all our Nauy,
Of all these tall ships, gilt with *Hectors* flames,
Which when *Vlisses* fled into his tent,
I, I extinguisht, these twelue hundred ships
I sau'd at once, deseru'd *Achilles* armes,
Laertes sonne may thinke it grace enough,
That though hee misse his ayme, hee may be sayd
To haue stroue with *Aiax*: *Aiax* who excels
As much in armes, as hee in eloquence.
My hands performe more then his tong can speake,
Act more then hee can talke: were I lesse valiant,
And had but halfe my vigour (like him) weake,
My royall birth would for this armour speake.
Duke *Telamon*, that in the Argoe sayl'd
To *Calchos*: and in *Ilsiums* second sacke,
First rear'd *Alcides* colours on the Vvals
My father was: His father *Eacus*,
On of the three that iudge infernall soules;
And *Eacus* was sonne to *Iupiter*.
Thus am I third from *Ione*; besides *Achilles*
By marriage was my brother, and I craue,
Since hee is dead my brothers armes to haue.
Vvhat hath *Vlisses* with our Kin to doe?
Beeing a stranger, not of *Peleus* blood:
Graue Heroes, if not honour, prize my merit,
I pleade both worth and blood, these armes to inherit.

Mene. Beleeue me, two ſound pleas on *Aiax* part,
I feare the prize will bee conferr'd on him.

Dio. His arguments are maximes, and ſound proofes
To winne him way, into the ſouldiers hearts.

Agam. Let him proceede.

Aia Becauſe I haſted to the ſiege of *Troy*,
When hee feign'd madnes, muſt hee weare theſe armes?
When in the *Phalanx*, with old *Neſtor* charging,
Thou at the name of *Hector* fledſt the fielde,
And left the good old man incompaſt round,
Calling aloud *Vliſſes*, *Vliſſes* ſtay,
The more hee cry'd the more thou mad'ſt thy way.
Prince *Diomed* you ſaw it, and vpbrayded
This *Ithacans* baſe flight, but ſee Heauens Iuſtice.
Old *Neſtor* ſcapt, great *Hector* was not there;
But meetes *Vliſſes*, as hee fled from *Hector*,
Hee that but late denide helpe, now wants helpe,
For at the ſight of *Hector* downe he fals,
And cryes aloud for ayde, I came, and ſaw thee
Quaking with terrour vnder *Hectors* arme,
The pondrous blow I tooke vpon my Targe,
And as the leaſt of all my noble deedes,
Sau'd theſe faint limbes from ſlaughter, which now ſue,
To don theſe glorious armes, nor doe I blame thee
Forfearing *Hector*: what is hee of Greece
That ſauing *Aiax*, quakt not at his name?
Yet did I meete that *Hector* guil'd in blood
Of Grecian Princes, fought with him ſo long,
Till all the hoaſt deaſt with our horrid ſtroakes,
Begirt vs with amazement: wilt thou know
My honour in this combate? it was this,
I was not conquered: if thou ſtill contendeſt?
Imagine but that field, the Time, the foes,
Hector aliue, thee quaking at his feete,
And *Aiax* interpoſing his broad ſhield
'Twixt death and thee, and thou the armes muſt yeeld.

Diom. What can the wiſe *Vliſſes*, ſay to this?

Aiax preuailes much with the multitude,
The generall murmur doth accord with him.
Men. I euer thought the ſonne of *Telamon*
Did better merit th' *Achillean* Armes
Then the *Dulichian* King.
Agam. Forbeare to cenſure.
Till both be fully heard.
Aiax. Me thinkes graue Heroes, you ſhould ſeeke an *Aiax*
To weare theſe Armes, not let theſe Armes be ſought
By *Aiax*: what hath ſlye *Vliſſes* done
To counteruaile my acts? kild vnarm'd *Rheſus*,
And ſet on ſleepie *Dolon* in the night,
Stolne the *Palladium* from the Troian Fane.
Oh braue exploits; nor haſt thou theſe perform'd
Without the helpe of warlike *Diomed*:
So you betwixt you ſhould deuide theſe ſpoyles.
Alas thou know'ſt not what thou ſeek'ſt, fond man,
Thou that fight'ſt all by craft and in the night
The radiant ſplendor of this burniſht Helme
Shining in darkneſſe, as the Sun by day,
Thy theeuiſh ſpoyles and ambuſh would betray.
Thy politicke head's too weake to beare this caske,
This maſſie Helme; thou canſt not mount his Speare,
His warlike ſhield that beares the world ingrauen
Will tire thine arme, foole thou doſt aske a Speare,
A ſhield a caske, thou haſt not ſtrength to weare.
Now if theſe Kings, or the vaine peoples errour
So farre ſhould erre from truth to giue them thee,
Twould be a meanes to make thee ſooner dye:
The weight would lagge thee that art wont to flye:
Thou haſt a ſhield vnſcar'd, my ſeuen-fold Targe
With thouſand gaſhes peece-meald from mine arme,
And none but that would fit mee: To conclude,
Go beare theſe Armes for which we two contend
Into the mid-ranks of our enemies,
And bidde vs fetch them thence, and he to weare them
By whom this royall Armour can be wonne,

I had rather fight then talke, ſo I haue done.

A loud ſhout within crying Aiax, Aiax:

Vliſ. If with your prayers oh *Grecian* Kings, my vowes
Might haue preuail'd with Heauen, there had bin then
No ſuch contention, thou hadſt kept thine Armes,
And wee *Achilies* thee: But ſince the Fates
Haue tane him from vs, who hath now more right
To claime theſe Armes he dead, then hee that gaue them
Vnto *Achilles* liuing? nor great Princes,
Let that ſmooth eloquence, yon fellow ſcornes,
(If it bee any) bee reiected now,
And hurt his maiſter, which ſo many times
Hath profited whole *Greece*, if we plead blood
Which is not ours, but all our Anceſtours.
Laertes was my father, his *Arceſius*,
His *Ioue*, from whom I am third: beſide I claime
A ſecond god-head by my mothers name.
What doe wee talke of birth? If birth ſhould beare them,
His father being nearer *Ioue* then hee
Should weare this honour, or if next of blood,
Achilles father *Peleus* ſhould inioy them,
Or his ſonne *Pirhus*; but wee plead not kinred,
Or neare propinquity: let alliance reſt,
His bee the Armour that deſerues it beſt.
Achilles mother *Thetis* being foretold
Her ſonne ſhould die at *Troy*, conceal'd him from vs
In habite of a Lady, to this ſiege
I brought him, therefore challenge all his deeds
As by *Vliſſes* done: 'Twas I ſack't *Thebes*,
Chriſeis, and *Scylla*, with *Lerneſſus* walls,
I *Troilus* and renowned *Hector* ſlew:
Firſt with this Helmet I adorn'd his head,
Hee gaue it liuing, who demands it dead?

Dio. 'Tis true, for like a Pedler being diſguis'd,
And comming where *Achilles* ſpent his youth
In womaniſh habite, the young Ladyes they

Looke on his Glaſſes, Iewells and fine toyes:
Hee had a Bow too much *Achilles* drew,
So by his ſtrength the *Ithacan* him knew.
Had *Aiax* gone, *Achilles* then had ſtay'd,
Hector ſtill liu'd, our ranſack't Tents to inuade:
What canſt thou doe but barely fight? no more;
I can both fight and counſell, I direct
The manner of our battailes, and propoſe
For victuall and munition, to ſupply
The vniuerſall hoaſt, cheere vp the ſouldiers
To indure a tedious ſiege, when all the Army
Cry'd let's away for *Greece*, and rais'd their Tents.
Aiax amongſt the formoſt had truſt vp
His bagge and baggage: when I rated him,
And them, and all, and by my Oratory
Perſwaded their retreat: What *Greece* hath wonne
From *Troy* ſince then, is by *Vliſſes* done.
Behold my wounds oh *Grecians*, and iudge you
If they be cowards marks th'are in my breſt:
Let boaſting *Aiax* ſhew ſuch noble skarres.
Theſe *Grecian* Heroes tooke I in your warres.
I grant hee fought with *Hector*, 'twas well done,
Where thou deſeru'ſt well I will giue thee due,
But what was the ſucceſſe of that great day?
Hector of *Troy* vnwounded went away.

Men. Now ſure the priſe will to *Vliſſes* fall,
The murmuring ſouldiers mutter his deſerts,
Preferring him fore *Aiax*: heare the reſt.

Vliſ. But oh *Achilles*, when I view theſe Armes,
I cannot but lament thine obſequies:
Thou wall of *Greece*, when thou waſt baſely ſlaine
I tooke thee on my ſouldiers, and from *Troy*
Bore thee then arm'd in the abillements
I once more ſeeke to beare, behold that ſhield,
Tis a deſcription Coſmographicall
Of all the Earth, the Ayre, the Sea and Heauen,
What are the *Hyades*? or grim *Orion*;

Hee

Hee pleads, or what's *Arction?* thy rude hand
Would lift a ſhield, thou canſt not vnder ſtand:
To omit my deeds of Armes, which all theſe know
Better then I can ſpeake. When in the night
I venter'd through *Troyes* gates, and from the Temple
Rap't the *Palladium*, then I conquerd *Troy*,
Troy whilſt that ſtood could neuer be ſubdu'd,
In that I brought away their gods, their honours,
Troyes ruine and the triumphs of whole *Greece*.
What hath blunt *Aiax* done to conteruaile
This one of mine? Hee did with *Hector* fight,
I tenne yeeres warre haue ended in one night.
What *Aiax* did was but by my direction,
My counſell fought in him, and all his honours
(If they be any,) hee may thanke mee for
What hee hath done, was ſince his flight I ſtayd,
Therefore claime theſe Armes: ſo I haue ſayd.

A ſhout within Vliſſes, Vliſſes. *The Princes riſe.*

Agam. Such is the clamour of the multitude,
And ſuch *Vliſſes* are your great deſerts,
That thoſe rich Armes are thine, the prize inioy
Vlſ. To the defence of *Greece* and ſack of *Troy*.
Dio. Come Princes, now this ſtriffe is well determin'd.
Men. To ſee how eloquence the people charmes,
Vliſſes by his tongue hath gain'd theſe Armes.
Agam. Counſell preuailes 'boue ſtrength, Heralds proclaime
Through the whole Campe *Vliſſes* glorious name.

Exeunt. The Armes borne in triumph before Vliſſes.

Aiax. What dream'ſt thou *Aiax?*
Or is this obiect reall that I ſee,
Which topſiturnes my braine, baſe *Ithaca*
To ſway deſert thus: Oh that ſuch rich Troophies
Should cloath a cowards backe, nor is it ſtrange;
Ile goe turne coward too, and henceforth plot,
Turne politicians all, all politicians.
A ruſh for valour, valour? this is the difference

'Twix

'Twixt the bold warrier, and the cunning ſtates-man,
The firſt ſeekes honour, and the laſt his health:
The valiant hoord the knocks, the wiſe the wealth.
It was a gallant Armour, *Aiax* limbs
Would haue become it brauely; the diſgrace
Of looſing ſuch an Armour by contention,
Will liue to all poſterity, and the ſhame
In *Stigian Lethe* drowne great *Aiax* name.
Oh that I had heere my baſe oppoſite,
In th' *Achillean* Armour briskly clad,
Vulcan that wrought it out of gadds of Steele
With his *Ciclopian* hammers, neuer made
Such noiſe vpon his Anvile forging it,
Then theſe my arm'd fiſts in *Vliſſes* wracke,
To mould it new vpon the cowards backe.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Why how now mad *Greeke?*

Aia. And art thou come *Vliſſes?* thus, and thus
I'le hammer on thy proofe ſteel'd Burganet.

Aia. Hold *Aiax*, hold, the diuell take thee, hold;
I am *Therſites*, hell rot thy fingers off.

Aia. But art not thou *Vliſſes?*

Ther: No I tell thee.

Aia. And is not thine head arm'd?

Ther. Hells plagues confound thee, no; thou think'ſt thou
Haſt *Menelaus* head in hand, I am *Therſites*.

Aia. Therſites? Canſt thou rayle?

Ther. Oh yes, yes; better then fight.

Aia. And curſe?

Ther. Better then either: rarely.

Aia. And ſpit thy venome in the face of *Greece?*

Ther. Admirably.

Aia. Doe, doe, let's heare, I prethee for heauens ſake doe.

Ther. With whom ſhall I begin?

Aia. Beginne with the head.

Ther. Then haue at thee *Menelaus*, thou art a king and a——
No more, but if on apy, rayle on mee.

Deſert ſhould ſtill be ſnarl'd at, vice poſſe free.

Ther. Who thou the ſon of *Telamon*, thou art a foole,
An Aſſe, a very blocke. What makeſt thou here at
Troy to ayde a Cuckold, beeing a Bachelour?
Paris hath ſtolne no wife of thine: if *Aiax*
Had beene ought but the worſt of theſe, he might
Haue kept his Country, ſolac'd his father, and
Comforted his mother: what thankes haſt thou
For ſpending thy meanes, hazarding thy ſouldiers?
Waſting thy youth, looſing thy blood,
Indangering thy life? and all for a-----

Aiax. Peace.

Ther. Yes peace for ſhame,
But what thankes haſt thou for all thy trauaile?
Vliſſes hath the armour, and what art thou now
Reckoned? a good moyle, a horſe that knowes
Not his owne ſtrength, an Aſſe fit for ſeruice,
And good for burthens, to carry gold, and to
Feede on thiſtles: farwell Coxe-combe. I ſhall be
Held to bee a Cocke of the ſame dunghill,
For bearing thee company ſo long,
Ile to *Vliſſes*.

Aia. Baſe ſlaue, thou art for Cowards, not for men.
Ile ſtown'd thee if thou com'ſt not backe againe:
This vantage haue the valiant of the baſe,
Death, which they coldly feare, we boldly imbrace.
Helpe me to rayle on them too, or thou dyeſt.

Ther. Do't then, whilſt tis hot.

Aia. What's *Agamemnon* our great Generall?

Ther. A blind Iuſtice, and I would he had kiſt
Fortunes blind cheekes, when hee could not ſee
To doe thee Iuſtice.

Aia. Well, and what's *Menelaus*?

Ther. A King and a Cuckold, and a horne-plague
Conſume him.

Aia. Amen. What's *Diomed*? he ſat on the bench too.

Ther. A very bench-whiſtler; and loues *Creſida*.

Hell

Hell and confuſion ſwallow him.

Aia. Amen. Amongſt theſe what's *Therſites*?

Ther. A Rogue, a rayling Rogue, a Curr, a barking Dog, the Pox take mee elſe.

Aia. Amen. But what's *Vliſſes* my baſe aduerſary?

Ther. A dam'd pollitician, *Scilla* and *Charibdis* ſwallow him.

Aia. And greedily deuoure him.

Ther. And vtterly conſume him,

Aia. And eate vp his poſterity.

Ther. And rot out his memory.

Aia. In endleſſe infamy.

Ther. And euerlaſting obliquie.

Both. Amen.

Aia. Inough, no more: ſhall he the Armes inioy?
And wee the ſhame? away *Therſites*, flye,
Our prayers now ſayd, we muſt prepare to dye.

Ther. Dye, and with them be dam'd. *Exit.*

Enter ouer the Stage all the Grecian Princes, courting and applauding Vliſſes, *not minding* Aiax.

Aia. Not looke on *Aiax*? *Aiax Telamon*,
Hee that at once ſau'd all your ſhips from fire,
Not looke on me? ha? are theſe hands? this ſword?
Which made the fame of *Troy* great *Hector* ſhrinke
Below the ruines of an abiect ſcorne?
Sleighted? ſo ſleighted? what baſe thing am I,
To creepe to ſo dull *Greeke*, whom fame or blood
Hath rair'd one ſtep aboue? *Ioue*, ſee this;
And laugh old Grand-ſir: Ha, ha, ha, by hell
I'le ſhake thy Kingdome for't: not looke on *Aiax*?
The triple headed-dog, the whippes of Steele,
The rauenous Vulture, and the reſtleſſe ſtone
Are all meere fables; heer's a truſty ſword,
'Tis mine, mine owne, who claimes this from me? ha?
Cowards and ſhallow witted fooles haue ſlept
Amidſt an armed troupe ſafe and ſecure
Vnder this guard: nay *Agamemnon* too.

But ſee, ſee from yon Sea, a ſhoale of fands
Come rowling on, trick't vp in briſled finnes
Of *Porpoſſes* and *Dog-fiſh* ho my ſword,
I will incounter them, they come from *Greece*,
And bring a poyſonous breath from *Ithaca*
Temper'd with falſe *Vliſſes* gall, foh, t oh;
It ſtinks of's wifes chaſt vrinall, looke, looke
By yonder wood, how ſliely in the skirts
March policy and the diuell, on, I feare you not:
Dare you not yet? not one to fight with mee:
Who then? what's hee muſt cope with *Aiax?*
Echo. Aiax?

Aia. Well ſayd old boy, wa'ſt *Neſtor* my braue Lad?
I'le doot, I'le doot, come my fine cutting blade,
Make mee immortall: liuely fountaine ſprout,
Sprout out, yet with more life, braue glorious ſtreame
Growe to a Tyde, and ſinke the *Grecian* fleete
In ſeas of *Aiax* blood: ſo ho, ſo ho.
Lure backe my ſoule againe, which in amaze
Gropes for a perch to reſt on: Heart, great heart
Swell bigger yet and ſplit, know gods, know men,
Furies, inraged Spirits, Tortures all,
Aiax by none could but by *Aiax* fall. *He kills himſelfe.*

Enter on the one part Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Menelaus, Diomed, *with the body of* Hector *borne by Grecian ſouldiers: On the other part,* Priam, Paris, Deiphebus, Æneas, Anthenor, *with the body of* Achilles *borne by Troian ſouldiers, they interchange them, and ſo with traling the Colours on both ſides depart,* Therſites *onely ſtayes behinde and concludes.*

The Epilogue.

Ther. A ſweete exchange of Treaſure, term't I may,
Euen earth for aſhes, and meere duſt for clay:
Let *Aiax* kill himſelfe, and ſay 'twas braue
Hector, a worthy Call, yet could not ſaue

Poore

Poore foole his Coxcombe: *Achilles* beare him hye,
And *Troilus* boldly, all theſe braue ones dye.
Ha, ha, iudge you; Is it not better farre
To keepe our ſelues in breath, and linger warre:
Had all theſe fought as I'ue done, ſuch my care
Hath beene on both ſides, that preſume I dare,
Theſe had with thouſands more ſuruiu'd: Iudge th'hoaſt,
I ſhed no blood, no blood at all haue loſt:
They ſhall not ſee young *Pirhus*, nor the Queene
Penthiſelea, which had they but beene
As wiſe as I, they might: nor *Sinon*, hee
Famous of all men, to be moſt like mee.
Nor after theſe, *Oreſtes*, and his mother
Pillades Egiſtus with a many other
Our ſecond part doth promiſe: Theſe if I fayle,
As I on them; you on *Therſites* rayle.

Explicit Actus Quintus.

FINIS.

LONDON.
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1632.

THE
Second Part of the Iron Age

VVhich contayneth the death of *Penthesilea*, *Paris*, *Priam*, and *Hecuba*: The burning of *Troy*: The deaths of *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Clitemnestra*, *Hellena*, *Orestes*, *Egistus*, *Pillades*, King *Diomed*, *Pyrhus*, *Cethus*, *Synon*, *Thersites*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut Delectare.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*. 1632.

Drammatis perſonæ.

New perſons not preſented in the former part of *this Hiſtory.*

Pyrhus the ſonne of *Achilles*, ſurnamed *Neoptolemus*.
Synon a periured Greeke, by whoſe teares *Troy* was ſet on fire.
Chorebus a Prince, who came to the warres for the loue of *Caſſandra*.
Laocoon, a prieſt of *Apollo*.
Polites, a young ſonne of King *Priam*, and Queene *Hecuba*.
A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.
A ſecond *Troian*.
Souldiers of *Greece*.
Souldiers of *Troy*.
The Ghoſt of *Hector*.
A Lord of *Mycena*.
A Guard.

Pentheſilea Queene of the *Amazons*, with her trayne of *Viragoes*.
Cethus ſonne to King *Naulus*, and brother of *Palamides*.
Pillades the friend of *Oreſtes*.
Oreſtes ſonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemneſtra*.
Electra, ſiſter to *Oreſtes*.
Hermione daughter to King *Menelaus* and Q. *Hellen*.
Clitemneſtra wife and Queene to *Agamemnon*.
Egiſtus a fauorite to Queene *Clitemneſtra*.
The Prieſt of *Apollo*.
Attendants.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader: *I commend vnto thee an intire Hiſtory, from* Iupiter *and* Saturne, *to the vtter ſubuerſion of* Troy. *with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all theſe Princes of* Greece, *who had hand in the Fate thereof,* (Vliſſes *only excepted, to whom belongeth a further* Hiſtory.) *Reade freely, and cenſure fauourably. Theſe Ages haue beene long ſince Writ, and ſuited with the Time then: I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but* Satirica Dictæria, *and* Comica Scommata *are now in requeſt: For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they ſtretched to the abuſe of any perſon publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to theſe (as I am promiſed) to make vp an handſome Volumne; I purpoſe* (Deo Aſſiſtente,) *to illuſtrate*

ſtrate the whole Worke, with an Explanation of all he difficulties, and an Hiſtoricall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obſcure or intricate to ſuch as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the reſt) I ſhall freely deuote to thy fauorable peruſall, in this as all the reſt induſtrious to thy pleaſure and profit:

Thomas Heywood

To my VVorthy and much Reſpected Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering* Eſquire.

Worthy Sir,

AND my much reſpected Friend: The Impreſſion of your Loue, after ſo many yeares acknowledgment, inforceth me that I cannot chuſe, but in my beſt recollection, to number you in the File and Liſt of my beſt and choyceſt Well-wiſhers. True it is, that my vnable merit hath euer come much ſhort of your ample acknowledgement: Howſoeuer, though you bee now abſent in the Countrey, vppon a neceſſary retyrement; yet let this witneſſe in my behalfe, that you are not altogether vnremembred in the Citty: Nor take it vnkindly at my hands that I haue reſerued your name to the Cataſtrophe and concluſion of this Worke: Since being *Scœna nouiſſima*,

It muſt be conſequently the freſher in memory; as you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent cenſure of ſuch poore peeces of mine, as haue come accedentally vnto your view. So *I* intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then *I* to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this ſecond part of the *Iron Age*. *I* much deceiue my ſelfe, if *I* heard you not once commend it, when you ſaw it Acted; if you perſiſt in the ſame opinion, when you ſhall ſpare ſome ſorted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, *I* ſhal hold my ſelfe much pleaſed: euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd:

Thomas Heywood.

The ſecond Part of the IRON AGE:

VVith the Deſtruction of TROY.

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed, Therſites. *Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.

YOu Terrors of the *Aſian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of *Greece*;
Although the great Prince of the *Mirmidons*,
And arme-ſtrong *Aiax*, our beſt Champions,
Be by the gods bereft vs: yet now comes
A Phœnix out of their cold aſhes riſing:
Pyrhus, ſirnamed *Neoptolemus*:
On whom for his deceaſed fathers ſake,
Wee muſt beſtow ſome honours. *Menelaus*,
Vliſſes, *Diomed*, giue the Prince meeting,
And be his conduct to the Generall.

A flouriſh. Enter the Kings before named, bringing in Pyrhus, Synon, *with attendants.*

Aga. *Pyrhus* kneele downe, wegirt thee with this ſword,

It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faſter then the harueſt Sithe
Doth the thin ſtalkes, or bending eares of graine:
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your ſeuerall ceremonies.

Dio. Theſe golden ſpurs I faſten to thine heeles,
The ſame thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his ſteeds fet-locks,
Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

Vliſ. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Oppoſde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall conſent of all theſe Princes
Attributed to me) loe I ſurrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more ſtrong defence.

Mene. Achilles Tent, his Treaſure, and his iewels,
We haue reſeru'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus*;
And laſtly his ſtrong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with theſe haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauileon,
Be by his valiant ſonne much dignified.

Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his ſword,
Or to my Knightly ſpurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull ſides,
Or roofe mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make proofe of this his plumed Burgonet,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard:
Witneſſe you Grecian Princes, what I vow:
By *Saturnes* ſonne, the ſire of *Æacus*,
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their iſſue,
The ſecond Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench
I will diſcend to *Peleus*, and from him,
Euen to my naturall father, with whoſe honours
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*
And in my vengefull oath include them all,

Till

Till *Priam* be compel'd to ſhut his Gates
For want of men: Ile be as mercileſſe
As vntam'd Lyons, and the fleſh-fed Beares,
Blood ſhall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes
Then diſſolu'd Chriſtall, till old *Priams* haires
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes
Be gui'd in ſlaughter; all their ſonnes and daughters,
Subiects, and Citty quite confuſ'd in ruine,
Bow to our mercileſſe fury: Ile not leaue
This blacke and fatall ſiege; and this I ſweare
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

Aga. Euen in thy lookes I read the ſack of *Troy*,
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome ſweete *Pyrhus*,
And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. where be theſe Troians? I would faine behold
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would ſee
The batter'd center fiye about their eares
In cloudes of duſt: I would haue horſes hoofes
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees
I would ſee drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
Ore-ſpread with intrailes bak'd in blood and duſt:
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
Caſt vgly darkneſſe from his Chariot wheeles,
And in this vail'd confuſion the faint Troians
Beate backe into the Towne: I'de ſee their Gates
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
Climing towards heauen: the pauement of th'ſtreets
I'de ſee pau'd ore with faces: infants toſt
On Lances poynts: big-bellied Ladies flung
From out their caſements: I'd haue all their ſoules
Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
As if ten thouſand Comets ioyn'd in one,
To cloſe the world in red confuſion.

Py. Wel ſpake bold *Synon*; and my Lords of Greece,
This fellow boaſts no more then with his ſword,
Hee will aduenture for, and ſhould that fayle,

He'le ſet his braine to worke. I tell you Princes,
My Grandſire *Lycomedes* hath made proofe
Of *Synons* pollicies, ſtate-quaking proiects
Are hand-maides to his braine; and he hath ſpirit
To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
With rare effects, and then not all the world
Affoords a villaine more incomparable,
Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
I ſpeake this to his prayſe: and I profeſſe
My ſelfe as ſterne, bloody, and mercileſſe.

Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
Giuen to a Greeke: and had hee but my raylings,
He were a man compleate.

Syn. Sure there is ſomething
Aboue a common man in yon ſame fellow,
Whom nature hath ſo markt, and were his mind
As crooked as his body, hee were one
I could bee much in loue with.

Ther. Hee hath a feature
That I could court, nay wil: I would not looſe
His friendſhip and acquaintance for the world.
Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

Syn. I euer held my ſelfe ſo: and mine eye
Giues you no leſſe: of all the *Grecians* here
Thou haſt a face like mine, that feares no weather,
A ſhape that warre it ſelfe cannot deforme:
I beſt loue ſuch complexions.

Ther. By the gods
Wee haue two meeting ſoules: be my ſweete Vrchin.

Syn. I will,
An thou ſhalt bee mine vgly Toade.

Ther. A match: be wee hence forth brothers and friends.

Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother: my deare Toade.

Ther. My amiable Vrchin.

Pyr. I long for worke, will not theſe Troians come,
To welcome *Pyrhus*, great *Achilles* ſonne?

Vlyſſ. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.

Enter

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, *and her traine of* Viragoes, Æneas, Chorebus, Laocoon, Anthenor, *&c.*

Aga. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee presumes thus, weakned as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meete vs in the field.

Pyr. Tis like hee hath, because for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field:
Most sure hee thinkes, wee (like our warlike father)
Will be insnar'd with beauty: *Priam* no,
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

Penth. Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose hand
Assisted by his b'oody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell?

Pyr. Woman I am.

Penth. Thou shouldst be then a Coward.

Pyr. How?

Penth. Euen so:
Thy father was a foe dishonourable,
And so the world reputes him.

Pyr. By all the gods------

Pent. Sweare not, for ere the closure of the battaile,
If both the Generals please, with my good sword,
In single combate Ile make good my word.

Pyr. O that thou wert a man! but womens tongues
Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his sonnes,
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe:
What make they amongst souldiers.

Penth. Scorne not proud *Pyrhus*
Our presence in the field; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

Pyr. Are you those Harlots famous through the world,

That haue vſurpt a Kingdome to your ſelues,
And pent your ſweete hearts in a barren iſle,
Where your adulterate ſportes are exerciſ'd.
Pent. Curbe thy irregular tong: we are thoſe women
That practiſe armes, by which we purchaſe fame.
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,
Thoſe wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,
In height of ſplendor through the burning Cancer,
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins ſigne:
Then we forſake our Sun-burnt Continent,
And in a cooler clime, ſport with our men,
And then returne: if we haue iſſue male,
Wee nurſe them vp, then ſend them to their Fathers.
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons
Their right paps we ſeare off, with better eaſe
To couch their ſpeares, and practiſe feates of armes.
We are thoſe women, who expel'd our Land
By *Ægypts* Tyrant: Conquered *Aſia*,
Ægypt and *Cappadocia*: theſe two Ladies
Diſcend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolita*,
Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand
With *Hercules* and *Theſeus*; we are thoſe
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,
And (being murdred) to reuenge his death.
Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue
I loue you though I hate you: but beware,
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not ſpare
Your luſtful ſquadrons: for my fathers fall,
Troians, and *Amazonians* periſh all. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Pyrhus *and* Pentheſilea.

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the ſtrong ſpirit
Achilles left his ſonne, I let thee know
My father was an honourable Foe.
Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,
Hector was by *Achilles* baſely ſlayne:
And on his ſonnes head, with my keene edg'd ſword,
And thundring ſtroaks, I will make good my word. Alarum.

Alarum. *They are both wounded, and diuided by the two armies, who confuſedly come betwixt them:* to Pyrhus *enter* Agamemnon, Vliſſes, *and* Menelaus.

Vliſ. What? wounded noble *Pirhus?*

Pyr. Wounded? no,
I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* ſonne.

Aga. Yet blood drops from your arme.

Pyr. Not poſſible!
Tis ſure the blood of ſome ſlayne enemy.
Come lets vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.

Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,
Wee priſe thy ſafety more then all aduantage:
Retire thy ſelfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

Pyr. Cowards feare death,
Ile venge my blood, though with the loſſe of breath.

Alarum. *Enter* Paris.

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduentureſt
So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whoſe ſmalleſt drop muſt coſt a Troians life.

Par. Art thou the bleeding iſſue of that *Greeke?*
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

Pyr. Art thou then
That coward and effeminate Troian boy.

Pa. Arme wounded Greek, I ſlew the falſe *Achilles*,
An act which I am proud of.

Aga. Fall on the murderer,
And ſlake him ſmaller then the *Lybean* ſand.

Pyr. If any but my ſelfe offer one blow,
Ile on the Troians party oppoſe him.
Come *Paris*, though againſt the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded ſonne, will venge his death.

Paris *is ſlayne by* Pyrhus. A *retreate ſounded.*

Enter

Enter then King Diomed, *and* Synon.

Dio. Why found the Troians this retreate?

Syn *Paris* is slayne, and *Penthisilea*
Wounded by *Pyrhus*.

Dio. Come then *Synon*
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'le reuell
With beauteous *Cressida*.

Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am opposites: I loue thee lesse
Because thou doat'st on Troian *Cressida*.

Dio. She's worthy of our loue: I tell thee *Synon*,
Shee is both constant, wise, and beautifull.

Syn. She's neither constant, wise, nor beautifull,
Ile proue it *Diomed*: foure Elements
Meete in the structure of that *Cressida*,
Of which there's not one pure: she's compact
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th'ayre: there's then another,
Sometimes the Sunne sits muffled in his Caue,
Whilst from the Clouds flye hideous showers of raine,
Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The seething Ocean: Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,
Can she be beautefull? No *Diomed*,
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leaue this detraction.

Syn. Now for this *Cressids* wisedome, is she wise,
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The constant *Troylus*, for King *Diomed*;
To trust the faith of Greekes, and to loue thee
That art to *Troy* a profest enemy?

Dio. Canst thou disproue her constancy?

Syn.

Syn. I can.
Neuer was woman conſtant to one man:
For proofe, doe thou but put into one ſcale
A feather, in the other *Creſſids* truth,
The feather ſhall downe weigh it: *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleeue me, if I win not *Creſſid*
To be my ſweete heart: yet haue no ſuch face,
No ſuch proportion, to bewitch a Lady;
I neuer practiſ'd court-ſhip, but am blunt;
Nor can I file my tongue: yet if I winne not
The moſt chaſt woman, I will cut it out.
Shall I make proofe with her?

Enter Creſſida.

Dio. There ſhee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnſeene.
Syn. A gallant Lady, who but ſuch a villaine,
As *Synon* would betray her: but my vowe
Is paſt, for ſhe's a Troian. *Creſſida*,
You are well incountred: whether away ſweet Lady?
Creſ. To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with kiſſes
Conduct him to his Tent.
Syn. Tis kindly done:
You loue King *Diomed* then?
Creſ. As mine owne life.
Syn. What ſeeſt thou in him that is worth thy loue?
Creſ. He's of a faire and comely perſonage.
Syn. Perſonage? ha, ha.
I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find ſome difference.
Creſ. True, more odds
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan*.
Syn. Yet as fayre a blowſe
As you, ſweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye:
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Creſſida*.

Cref. Thee.

Syn. Mee.

Cref. Deformity forbeare, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine insolence.

Syn. I care not, for I not desire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Creſſid*: tell the King
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddesse, I adore thee,
And owe thee diuine reuerence: *Diomed*
Indeed's *Ætolians* King, and hath a Queene.

Cref. A Queene?

Syn. A Queene, that shal hereafter question thee:
Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a Troian, but for present vse:
Can Greekes loue Troians, are they not all sworne
To do them outrage?

Cref. How canst thou then loue me?

Syn. I am a pollitician, oathes with me
Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profession. Heare me further,
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troylus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.

Cref. Syn. thou art deceiu'd thou knowst I neuer
Had left Prince *Troylus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.

Syn. Then loue *Diomed*;
Yes, do so still, but *Creſſid* marke the end,
If euer hee transport thee to *Ætolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengance:
Hast thou more eyes then these? she'le fal to work,
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest,
Come *Creſſida* bee wise.

Cref. What shall I doe?

Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.

Cref. *Synon* loues not mee.

Syn. Ile ſweare I do.
Creſ. I heard thee ſay, that thou wouldſt breake thine oath?
Syn. Then Ile not ſweare, becauſe I will not breake it:
But yet I loue thee *Creſſida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfiniſht, *Troy* vnſackt;
And to my natiue Country beare thee hence:
Nay wench Ile do't; come kiſſe me *Creſſida*.
Creſ. Well, you may vſe your pleaſure;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured ſtrumpet,
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleeue
There is no truth in women.
Creſ. Am I betrayed? oh thou baſe vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.
Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
Did I not tell thee what thy ſweet heart was?
Creſ. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.
Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to
Thinke, a woman was my mother.
Creſ. A villaine.
Syn. Right.
Creſ. A Diuell.
Syn. Little better.
Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon,
You ſhall no more be my Companion.
Syn. And now faire Troian Weather-hen adew,
And when thou next loueſt, thinke to be more true. *Exit.*
Creſ. Oh all you powers, aboue looke downe and ſee,
How I am puniſht for my periury.

Alarum. *Enter* Penthesilea *with her* *Amazonians*.

Penth. Stay, what ſad Lady's this? whence are you woman?
Of *Troy* or *Greece*?
Creſ. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from thence,
But ſince haue ſoiourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,

With *Diomed* King of *Etolin*:
Oh had I neuer knowne him.
Pent. Would you truſt
You honour amongſt ſtrangers? but ſweete Lady
Diſcourſe your wrongs.
Creſ. I was betray'd:
It ſhames mee to relate the circumſtance,
By a falſe Greeke, one that doth hate our ſexe,
One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,
I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.
Pent. How might wee know him?
Creſ. His viſage ſwart, and earthy ore his ſhoulder
Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the Rauens plumes:
His eyes downe looking, you ſhall hardly ſee
One in whoſe ſhape appeares more treachery.
Pent. We looſe much time: Lady haſt you to *Troy*,
And if we meete a fellow in the battaile
Of your deſcription, by our honor'd names,
We'le haue his blood to recompence our ſhames.
Alarum. *Enter* Therſites.
Amaz. By her deſcription this ſhould be the man.
Ther. Compaſt with ſmockes and long coates:
Now you whoores,
Pent. Is thy name *Synon*?
Ther. No, but I know *Synon*.
Hee is my friend and brother.
Ama. For *Synons* ſake, prepare thy ſelfe for ſlaughter.
Enter Synon.
Syn. Ho, who names *Synon*?
Ther. Brother thou nere couldſt come in better time:
See, ſee, how I am rounded.
Pent. Were euer ſuch a payre of Diuels ſeene?
They are ſo like, they needes muſt bee allied.
Syn. What can their Dammes ſay to vs?
Pent. You betray Ladies, enuy all our ſexe,
And that you now ſhall pay for, girt him round.
Syn. I recant nothing, backe me ſweete fac'd brother:

And now you witches, harlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'le cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. Synon *and* Therſites *beaten off by the* Amazons, Pyrhus *enters, fights with* Pentheſilea, *after this a retreate ſounded, then enters* Menelaus, Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Diomed.

Aga. The Troians ſound retreate.

Vliſſ. Who ſaw young *Pyrhus*?

Mene. I feare his too much rage hath ſpur'd him on
Too farre amongſt the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon *and* Therſites.

Syn. Why ſtand you idle here, and let the Troians
Lead warlike *Pyrhus* priſoner to the Towne.

Agam. How *Pyrhus* priſoner?

Ther. Wee ſaw him compaſt by the *Amazons*:
Pentheſilea with her buſtain troopes,
Layd load vpon his Helme.

Vliſſ. Then this retreate
Vpon the ſuddaine argues that they lead him
Captiue to *Troy*.

Enter Pyrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a priſe
Worthy the purchaſe, on my Launces poynt
Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,
Vpon my warlike ſword her bleeding arme,
At ſight of which the Troians ſound retreate:
The honour of this day belongs to vs.

Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. Synon you play'd the coward: ſo *Therſites*.

Ther. If not ſo.
I had not liu'd to ſee *Troyes* ouerthrow.

Syn. When didſt thou euer ſee a villaine valiant?
What's paſt remember not, but what's to come:
Priam hath ſhut his Gates, and will no more
Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour
Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer
For all your Ten yeares ſiege?

Pyr. Tis true, ſome ſtratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I ſee
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but aſhes; my reuenge
Will haue no ſterne aſpect, till I behold
Troyes ground-ſils ſwim in pooles of crimſon goare,
Ramnuſia's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my ſword
Rauiſh the breſt of faire *Polixena*,
I ſhall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

Aga. To him that can contriue
A ſtratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole ſpoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

Mene. I my rich Tent.

Vliſ. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

Dio. I all my birth-right in *Aetolia*.

Syn. Peace, tis here: I ha't.

Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

Syn. Touch me not, away:
There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect ſhape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* baſtard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile ſet him ſtraight a worke.

Pyr. Vpon ſome Engine *Synon*.

Syn. A horſe, a horſe.

Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horſe to enter *Troy*.

Syn. Stay, let me ſee:
Vliſſes you haue the Palladium.

Vliſ. I haue ſo.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.

Agam. Lets know the proiect.

Syn. And that Palladium ſtood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Conſecrate to her.

Vliſ. It did ſo.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.

Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendeſt.

Syn. Ile haue an Horſe built with ſo huge a bulke,
As ſhall contayne a thouſand men in Armes.

Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?

Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption:
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out:
This Engine fram'd, and ſtuft with armed Greekes.
(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to *Tenedos?*)

Pyr. What ſhall the Horſe doe then?

Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth: good *Vliſſes*
Lend me your apprehenſion; when the Troians
Finde you are gone aboord, theyle ſtraight ſuppoſe
You'l not weigh Anchor: till the gods informe you
Of your ſucceſſe at Sea: if then a villaine
Can driue into their eares, the goddeſſe *Pallas*
Offended for her ſtolne Palladium:
(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)
Withall that were it brought into her Temple,
It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.
Might not the forged tale mooue aged *Priam*,
To hale this Engine preſently to *Troy*,
Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach
Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army
May enter, take them ſleeping in their beds,
And put them all to ſword.

Agam. Tis rare!

Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My perſon in the Horſe.

Syn. Do ſo, and get a thouſand ſpirits more.
King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,
Downe with your Tent.

Agam. *Synon*, wee will,

Syn. Ile ſet a light vpon the wals of *Troy*
Shall giue the ſummons when you ſhall returne.

About it Princes: *Pyrhus* get you men
In readineſſe, I will expoſe my ſelfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life deſcribe in words,
What Ile expreſſe in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horſe:
Shine bright you lampes of Heaueu, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning ſtreetes.

Syn. Such ſights are glorious ſparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feaſt the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus: Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, *and* Chorebus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone?

Cho. All their tents raiſ'd, their ten yeares ſiege remoou'd;
Now *Troy* may reſt ſecurely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had: what haue they wonne?
But wounds, Times loſſe, ſhame, and confuſſion.

Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, *young* Polytes, Polixena,
Hecuba, *and* Hellen, *with attendance.*

Pri. We now are Lord of our owne Territories,
Ten yeares kept from vs by th'inuading *Greekes*:
Now wee may freely take a full ſurney
Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
Of th'oppoſite bloods of Troians and of Greekes.

Hecu. And royall Husband we haue cauſe to ioy,
That after ſo long ſiege the Greekes are fled,
And you in peace may reſt your aged head.

Æne.

Æne. Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,
The politicke Greeke.
Cho. There was old *Nestors* quarter,
And *Agamemnons* that; the Generall.
Pria. Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*
That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
I well remember, was my *Hector* slayne.
Hel. This empty place being South from all the rest,
The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion stood.
Hecu. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Aiax* tent,
Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.
Cho. Then was this place a standing Lake of blood,
Part of which moysture the bright Sunne exhald;
And part the thirsty earth hath quaft to *Mars*:
But now the swords on eyther part are sheath'd,
And after ten yeares tumults warres surcease,
They layding their ships home with shamefull peace.
Pria. For which we'le prayse the gods, banquet and feast,
Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

The Horse is discouered.

Æne. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the strond,
That beares the shape and figure of an Horse.
Cho. What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our swords?
Pria. Oh be not rash, sure tis some mistery
That this great Architecture doth include.
Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is stuft with Greekish guile.
Æne. I rather thinke
It is some monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate:
Then spare your fury.

Enter Laocoon *with a Iauelin.*

Lao. Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the slye *Vlisses*, is his braine

Vnknowne in *Troy?* or can you looke for ſafety
From thoſe who ten yeares haue beſieg'd your wals?
Either this huge ſwolne bulke is big with ſouldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whoſe monſtrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine: elſe this hill of timber
This horſe-like ſtructure ſtabled vp in *Troy*,
Wil ſpurne down theſe our wals, our towers demoliſh,
Which it ſhall neuer: come you Troian youth
That loue the publicke ſafety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall ſhall ride.
Firſt with this Iauelin Ile tranſpearce his ſide.

Pria. What meanes *Laocoon?*

Æne. Princes ſtay his fury.

Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyſe of Armes,
Sighed not throw theſe deep Cauernes, I devine
This gluttenous wombe hath ſwallowed a whole band
Of men in ſteele, then with your ſwords and glaues
Rip vp his tough ſides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailes.

Enter two ſouldiers bringing in Synon *bound.*

Soul. Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt ſome nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found faſt giu'd and bound.

Pria. Laocoon ceaſe thy violence till we know
From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth moſt miſerable,)
Whom neither Heauens will ſuccour, earth preſerue,
Nor ſeas keepe ſafe, I, whom the Heauens diſpiſe,
The Earth abandnos, and the Seas diſdaine:
Where ſhal I ſhroud me? whom, but now the Greekes
Threatned with vengeance; and eſcap'd from them,
Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death:
The world affoords no place, to wretched *Synon*,
Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote,

I tread

I tread vpon my graue: the foure vaſt corners
Of this large Vniuerſe, in all their roomes
And ſpacious emptineſſe, will not affoord me
My bodies length of reſt: where ere I flye,
Or ſtay, or turne, Death's th'obiect of mine eye.

Pria. What art thou? or whence com'ſt thou? briefly ſpeake.
Thou wretched man, thou moou'ſt vs with thy teares:
Vnbind him ſouldiers.

Syn. Shall I deny my ſelfe to be of Greece?
Becauſe I am brought Captiue into *Troy*?
No *Synon* cannot lye: Heauen, Earth, and Sea,
From all which I am out-caſt, witneſſe with me
That *Synon* cannot lye: thrice damn'd *Vliſſes*,
The black-hair'd *Tyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus*
Crook-back'd *Therſites*, luxurious *Dimed*,
And all the rable of deteſted Greekes,
I call to witneſſe, *Synon* cannot lye.
Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,
Suppled mine humble knee to crouch and bend,
Heau'd at my bonnet, ſhrugg'd my ſhoulders thus,
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had ſtood,
Whom now this houre muſt ſtue in his own blood.

Æne. The perfect image of a wretched creature,
His ſpeeches begge remorſe.

Pria. Alas good man,
Shake off the timerous feare of ſeruile death,
Though 'mongſt vs Troians, and thy ſelfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongſt thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horſe meanes.

Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou haſt throwne me off,
Faire *Troy* I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vliſſes craft, my fatall enemy.
Who ſold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kinſman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon ſtands here, yet is he nobly borne:
For that knowne murder did I haint his Tent

With rayling menaces, horrible exclaimes,
Many a blacke-ſaint, of wiſhes, oathes, and curſes
Haue I ſung at his window, then demaunding
Iuſtice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Neſtor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my moſt vexation,
My bitter tongue ſpar'd not to barke at them:
For this I was obſeru'd, lookt through and through
Vliſſes braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought ſo farre that I ſhould haue bin offred
Vnto the gods for ſacrifice, the Prieſt
Lifting his hand aloft to ſtrike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and ſo fled,
Purſuite and ſearch was made, but I lay ſafe
In a thicke tuft of ſedge, till I was found
By theſe your ſouldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free ſecur'd from all their tyranny:
Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horſe?
Why haue they left him here, themſelues being gon?

Syn. My new releaſ'd hands, thus I heaue on hye,
Witneſſe you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye,
But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace; I here proteſt by *Ioue*,
By theſe eternall fires that ſpangle Heauen,
The Alter, and that ſacrificing ſword,
Beneath whoſe ſtroake I lay, ſince my baſe Country
Caſts me away to death, I am now borne
A ſonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilſt he liu'd
More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
Then I by my diſcouery: Well, you know
How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who inceaſt
Becauſe *Vliſſes* the Palladium ſtole
Out of her Temple, and her Warders ſlew,
In rage ſhe threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horſe:

(Greece

(Greece pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
Be deafe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee
Henceforth forgot that I was borne in Greece,
Leaſt times to come record what I reueale,
The blacke confuſion of my Natiue weale.
Priam. And what's that *Synon?*
Syn. Where left I? at the Horſe, built of that ſize,
Leaſt you ſhould giue it entrance at your Gates:
For know ſhould your rude hands dare to prophan
This gift ſacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diſeaſes,
Peſts and infections ſhall depopulate you,
And in a ſmall ſhort ſeaſon, they returning,
Shal ſee thy ſubiects ſlain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
I'm euen with thee *Vliſſes*, and my breath
Strikes all Greece home for my intended death.
Pria. Thankes *Synon*, we ſhall bounteouſly reward thee.
Æne. And ſee my Leige, to make good his report,
Laocoon, he that with his Iauelin pierſt
This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
That winde their traines about his wounded waſt,
And for his late preſumption ſting him dead.
Pria. We haue not ſeene ſo ſtrange a prodigy,
Laocoon hath offended all the gods,
In his prophane attempt.
Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Pallad an monument
Into *Troyes* Citty: Leauers, Cables, Cords.
Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.
Syn. Downe with the wals then.
Cho. Theſe wals that ten yeares haue defended *Troy*,
For all their ſeruice ſhall wee ruine them.
Syn. But this ſhall not defend you for ten yeares,
But make your Towne impregnable for euer.
Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a hand.
Cho. I heare a noyſe of Armour.
Æne. Ha, what's that?
Cho. I feare ſome treaſon in that Horſe incloſed:

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.
Omnes. Downe with the Wals.
Æne. And Troians now after your ten years toile,
Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the firſt of all your reſt, feaſt, banquet, ioy and play,
Pallas is ours, the Greekes fayl'd hence away.
Pria. Here we releaſe all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celeſtiall guard:
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,
Priam may reſt his age, in his ſoft throne. *Exe.*
Syn. So, ſo, ſo,
Synon I hope ſhall warme his hands annon,
At a bright goodly bone-fire: Here's the Key
Vnto this Machine by *Epeus* built,
Which hath already with his brazen breſt,
Tilted *Troies* wall downe, and annon being drunke
With the beſt blood of Greece, in dead of night
Hauing ſurcharg'd his ſtomacke, will ſpew out
A thouſand men in Armes: ſweet mid-night come,
I long to maske me in thy ſable Wings,
That I may do ſome miſchiefe and blacke deedes:
We ſhall haue rare ſport, admirable ſpoyle,
Cutting of throats, with ſtabbing, wounding, killing
Some dead a ſleep, and ſome halfe ſleep, halfe wake
Some dancing Antickes in their bloody ſhirts,
To which their wiues cries, & their infants ſhreeks,
Play muſicke, braue mirth, pleaſing harmony:
Then hauing ſpitt young children on our ſpeares,
We'le roſt them at the ſcorching flames of *Troy*:
Flye ſwift you winged minutes till you catch
That long-wiſht houre of ſtilnes: in which *Troy*
Sleeps her laſt ſleep, made drunk with wine and ioy.
In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
Sicke *Troy* this day hath ſwallowed ſuch a pill,
Shall ſearch her intrayles, and her liues blood ſpill. *Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, *with ſouldiers in a ſoft march, without noiſe.*

Agam.

Aga. Soft, ſoft, and let your ſtilneſſe ſuite with night,
Faire *Thebe* keepe thy ſilner ſplendor in,
And be not ſeene to night.
Mene. Were *Thebe* in my caſe,
She ſoone would bluſh to ſhow her horned face.
Vliſſ. We would not haue a ſtarre caſt it's cleare eye
On our darke enterpriſe: too faſt: ſo, ſtill.
Here Ambuſh, till you ſee the flaming Torch,
Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Will toſſe about his eares, as a true ſignall,
The great *Epeun* ſtructure is receiu'd,
And we may find ſafe entrance by the breach.
Aga. A ſtand, the word through all the Regiment,
Mene. A ſtand.

Enter Synon *with a torch aboue.*

Syn. Thy euerlaſting ſleepe, ſleepe careleſſe *Troy*,
This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,
This fatall Horſe ſpur'd by the braine of *Synon*,
Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks great with Greeks,
Foure times in rayſing vp the monument,
A ſhaking ſound of Armour harſhly iar'd
In all the Princes eares, and had they not
Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our guile.
It is now mid-night. The blacke darkneſſe ſalne,
And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,
As the great Ocean, and the earth: now's the time
For tragicke ſlaughter, clad in gules and ſables,
To ſpring out of Hels iawes, and play ſtrange reakes
In ſleepy *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand
Which I ſo often gire about mine eares,
Is ſignall for the Armies quicke returne,
And make proud *Iſlium* like my bright torch burne,
Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you ſhall be
Blood-ſhot to view *Troyes* dismall Tragedy. *Exit.*
Aga. The ſignals on the wall: forward braue ſouldiers,
The Horſe is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.

And

And wee this night ſhall ſee the ſacke of *Troy*.
Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without ſuſpition eaſily may
Diſperſe our ſelues about theſe high built wals:
Vliſ. Now with a ſoft march enter at this breach
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the reſt,
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

They march ſoftly in at one doore, and preſently in at another. Enter Synon *with a ſtealing pace, holding the key in his hand.*

Syn. Soft, ſoft, ey ſo, hereafter Ages tell,
How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

Pyrhus, Diomed, *and the reſt, leape from out the Horſe. And as if groping in the darke, meete with* Agamemnon *and the reſt: who after knowledge imbrace.*

Pyrhus. The Generall?
Agam. Pyrhus?
Dio. Menelaus?
Mene. Diomed?
Ther. My Vrchin?
Syn. What my Toade?
Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords.
Vliſ. Where are wee now?
Sy. In the high ſtreet, nere to the Church of *Pallas*,
And this you paſt, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.
Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy:
Princes of Greece, at once vnſheath your ſwords,
And heare proteſt with *Neoptolemus*,
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,
The Emperious goddeſſe of the Sea, that made
Achilles, faue in th'heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Æacides*,
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,

His bloody wounds, and his blacke ſepulchre;
I here abiure all reſpite, mercy, ſleepe,
Vntill this Citty be a place confus'd:
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawſey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a ſtone-heape ſwimming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which ſhall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

Syn. A braue ſhow,
To ſee full Boates in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And the poore labouring Snakes with armes ſpread ſwimme
In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

Men. Whence muſt this Ocean flowe?
From thouſand Springs
Of gentle and ignoble, baſe and Kings.

Pyr. Set on then, none retire;
Waue in the one hand ſteele, in the other fire.
Loude Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall peale,
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

A loude Alarum. Enter a Troian *in his night-gowne all vnready.*

Tro. T'was an alarum ſure that frighted mee
In my dead ſleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port:
Ioue grant that all be well.

Enter his wife as from bed.

Wife. Oh Heauen! what tumult's this
That hurryes through the fatall ſtreetes of *Troy*?
I feare ſome treaſon.

Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and liſt, if we can gather
Of what condition this ſtrange vproare is
That riots at this late vnſeaſoned houre?
Sure 'tis the noiſe of war, whence ſhould it grow?
The *Greekes* are ſayl'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no foe.

Wife. The horrid ſtirre comes on this way towards vs.
Troi. Oh whither ſhall we turne?

A great cry within. Alarum, Enter Pyrhus *with the reſt their weapons draw and torches.*

Wife. Oh ſaue mee husband.
Troi. Succour me deere wife.
Omnes. Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus.*
Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne *Troy* in aſhes for *Achilles* loſſe,
Steele in one hand, in th'other fire-brands toſſe. *Exeunt:*

Enter Chorebus *at one doore, at another* Æneas *with their weapons drawne.*

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe reſt, much, much amazeth mee;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee:
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horrour
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.
Æne. this ſtreete is cleare, but now I climb'd a Turret,
And I might well diſcerne all ſe *Troy* in fire,
And by the flame the burniſht Helmets gliſter
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olympicke* knowes.

Enter a ſecond Troian.

2. *Tro.* Where ſhall I hide me? Treaſon, *Troyes* betray'd;
The fatall horſe was full of armed *Greekes.*
Chore. Of *Greekes*? damn'd *Synon.*
2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas.*
Cho. Which way? where? or how?
Are we not rounded with a quick-ſet hedge
Of pointed ſteele? are not the gates poſſeſt
And ſtrongly man'd with *Greekes*? death euery where,
Then whither ſhould we flye?
Æne. Into the throng.
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets

Burne with moſt fury.

Cho. Nobly ſpeakes *Æneas.*

Æne. Then whither flames, and furies, ſhreiks and clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we: follow where I ſhall lead,
Thouſands ſhall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Therſites *with other* Greekes.

Ther. Charge on theſe naked Troians, and cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus.*

Cho. Charge on theſe armed Grecians, and thus cry,
We may yet liue to ſee ten thouſand dye.

They charge the Greekes *and kill them,* Therſites *runs away.*

Cho. Well fought braue ſpirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet: let's don theſe Greekiſh habits,
And mixe our ſelues amongſt their Armed ranks;
So vnexpected murder all we meete:
The darkeneſſe will aſſiſt our enterpriſe.
Theſe Greekiſh Armes this night by Troians worne
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas followed by Hectors *ghoſt*

Æne. What art thou that with ſuch a grim aſpect,
In this black night ſo darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my houſe
Which yet burnes o're mine eares?

Hect. Doeſt thou not know me?
Or can *Æneas* ſo forget his friend?
This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,
And when I ſhooke theſe lockes, now knotted all,
As bak't in blood; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled.
Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maiſt ſee thoſe thongs
By which ſo often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy,*
My body made an vniuerſall wound

By the vnnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,
This th'hand that toſt ſo many wild-fire balls
Into the *Argiue* fleete, and this the body
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſpoyles
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.
Æne. Prince *Hector*?
Hect. Hence *Æneas* poſt from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home deſtroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:
Caſſandraes long neglected propheſies
This night fulfils. If either ſtrength or might
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme
That ſau'd it oft, had kept it ſtill from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her ſad ſacke and fall of all her glory.
Away, and beare thy Country gods along,
Thouſands ſhall iſſue from thy ſacred ſeede,
Citties more rich then this the Grecian ſpoyle,
In after times ſhall thy ſucceſſors build.
Where *Hectors* name ſhall liue eternally.
One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* ſhall reare,
Theſe ſhall nor Honours, nor iuſt Rectors want,
Lumbardies roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.
Heu fuge nate Dea, teq; his pater eripe flammis;
Hoſtis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia
Sacra, ſuoſq; tibi commendat Troia penates
Hos capape fatorum comites, his mœnia quære
Magna: peregrrato ſtatues quæ denique ponto. *Exit.*
Æne. Soft lie thy bones and ſweetly may they reſt
Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes:
Thouſands of Troian Corſes blocke the ſtreetes,
Some flying fall, and ſome their killers kill:
Where ſhall I meete thee death? before I flye,
Some Conquerours yet, ſhall bravely conquered die. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus

Actus Secundus: Scœna prima.

Enter Priam *in his night-gowne and ſlippers, after him* Hecuba, Hellena, Andromache, Hellena, Caſſandra, Polyxena, Polites, Aſtianax. *An Alarum.*

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.
Pri. I haue done more then age would ſuffer me
They haue tilted maſts againſt my Pallace gates,
And burſt them open.
All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether ſhall we flye?
Pri. We are incompaſt round with ſword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Aſtianax*.
All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we hide vs ſafe?
Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but maſſacre:
My Pallace is ſurpris'd, my guard all ſlaine,
My ſelfe am wounded, but more with your ſhreeks,
Then by the ſwords of Grecians: come let's flie
Vnto the ſacred Altar of the gods.
All La. May we be ſafe there father?
Pri. Safe? Oh no;
Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chaſe,
And ſince we needes muſt dye, let's chuſe this place. *Exeunt*

Alarum. *Enter at the one doore* Hellen, *at the other* Creſida.

Creſ. Whither runnes *Hellen*?
Hel. Whither ſhould I fly?
Creſ. See, *Troy* is not it ſelfe, oh Wretched *Hellen*!
To ſhunne the Greekes to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, periſh by Greekiſh ſteele:
Which hadſt thou rather chuſe?
Hel. Death, in what ſhape ſoeuer hee appeares
To me is welcome, I'le no longer ſhun him;

But here with *Creſida* abide him: here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the firſt ſo faire,
To be come ſubiect to ſo foule an end?
Or how hath *Creſids* beauty ſinn'd 'gainſt Heauen,
That it is brauded thus with leproſie?
Cref. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Againſt Heauens ſplendor, I did once ſuppoſe,
There was no beauty but in *Creſids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity:
But now behold mee *Hellen*.
Hel. In her I ſee
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All faireneſſe to ſhow vgly in it ſelfe:
But to ſee breathleſſe Virgins pil'd on heape,
What leſſe can *Hellen* doe then curſe theſe Starres
That ſhin'd ſo bright at her natiuity,
And with her nayles teare out theſe ſhining balls
That haue ſet *Troy* on fire?

Enter Pyrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, *&c.*

Pyr. Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your ſwords,
Leaſt 'mongſt them you might ſpare *Polixena*.
Agam. Stay, I ſhould know that face, tis *Helena*.
Mene. My Queene?
Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena*:
Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*
Doe Iuſtice on me for thy fathers death.
Pyr. Polixena? by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.
Cref. Pyrhus forbeare,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.
Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous ſtrumpet dyes,
Ile be her death-man.
Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.
Aga. Hold I ſay,
Shee's *Clitemneſtras* ſiſter, for her ſake

Hellen ſhall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour.

Pyr. Agamemnon
Is too remiſſe, I haue ſworne all blood to ſpill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrhus* kill.

Men. And I this other.

Aga. For our ſake *Menelaus* let her liue.
Was not our ſiſter borne againſt her will
From *Sparta?* for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our ſwords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* ſlaughtered friends?
You ſhall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Hellen at ſhrift? alas poore penitent Queane,
Doſt heare me *Menelaus?* pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt elſe want
So kind a bed-fellow.

Men. Take backe my ſhame?

Ther. Yes for thy pleaſure.
There's in the world as rich and honourable
As thou, who lend the pleaſures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.

Men, My brow ſhall neuer beare
Such Characters of ſhame. (them?

Ther, Thy browes beares hornes already, but who ſees
When thou return'ſt to *Sparta*, ſome will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare ſay ſo?
Thou art a King, thy ſinnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much more.
Of all men liuing, Kings are laſt ſhall heare
Of their diſhonours.

ge. What inferiour Beaſt
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne aſunder with his pawes?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare

The tongues of subiects bid our sister rise
To safety in thine armes.
Ther. Doe *Menelaus.*
Mene. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long lost honour?
Hel. If with teares
The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* sinnes,
They shall haue penitent showers: If *Menelaus*
May with the spirit of loue be satisfied,
Ile ten times rectifie my forfet honour
Before I touch his bed.
Men. Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes
Thus welcome thee to safety.
Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckhold, huggs his destiny:
Goe, get you after *Pyrhus* to the slaughter,
Ile looke to *Hellen*.
Aga. Conueigh her to our guard. *Exit.*
Ther. Hellen, hereafter see thou proou'st more wise,
If not more honest, yet be more precise. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Chorebus *with other* Troians *in* Greekish *habits.*

Cho. These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our Greekish
With blood of their owne nation: some we haue sent (armes
To euerlasting darknesse, some repulst
Backe to their ships: some we haue made to flye
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrhus* first
Lept downe vpon his speare.

Enter Synon, Thersites, *and the* Greekes *dragging in* Cassandra.

Syn. Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vp euen to the brawny thighes
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.

Abo

Aboue *Melpomene*'s huge buskind top
We plunge at euery ſtepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame: that's now our light.
Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with them,
This ſtreete yet's vnaſſaulted and vnfir'd:
Some balls of wild-fire ſtreight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.
Cho. My wife *Caſſandra?*
Syn. Courage, let none ſcape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, ſpoyle and rape.
Cho. All theſe on *Greece* and twenty thouſand more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

Chorebus *and thereſt beate off the* Greekes, *and reſcue* Caſſandra.

Caſſ. From Greekes to Greeks, from fire kept for the ſword,
From one death to another.
Cho. Caſſandra no.
Caſſ. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus?*
Cho. Yes the ſame,
Who hath preſeru'd thee both from ſword and flame.

Enter Æneas *with his father, who taking* Chorebus *for a Grecian by reaſon of his habite, fights with him and kils him.*

Æne. More Greekes and ſee *Caſſandra* captiue made,
Aſſault them Troians, reſcue the faire Princeſſe;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.
Caſſ. Oh falſe *Æneas*, thou haſt ſlaine thy friend:
Many a Greeke (thus ſhapt) he ſent to hell,
And being a Troian by a Troian fell.
Æne. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate.
Caſſ. And I forgiue thee good *Æneas*, flie,
Thou ſhalt ſuruiue, but *Troy* and wee muſt fall:
The hope of all our future memories
Are ſtor'd in thee, take vp thy ſacred load

Reuerent *Anchiſes* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* muſt periſh here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.
Æne. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to their pleaſure
Wee muſt ſubſcribe: *Creuſa*, where's my wife?
In looſing her I ſaue but halfe my life.
Come reuerent father, on my ſhoulders mount,
Though thouſand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our paſſage. *Exeunt.*

King Priam *diſcouered kneeling at the Altar, with him* Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Aſtianax: *to them enter* Pyrhus, *and all the Greekes*, Pyrhus *killing* Polytes Priams *ſonne before the Altar.*

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aſpire
For *Pyrhus* vengeance, murdring ſteele and fire.
All the Ladies. Oh, oh.
Pri. My ſonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted
Then fatall *Pyrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the ſhadow of this ſacred place
Durſt ſprinke the childs blood in the fathers face.
Pyr. *Priam*? thanks ſweet reuenge, through ſwords & armour,
Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and ſteele;
Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding ſonne to death,
Whoſe ſwift perſuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the ſad fate
Of great *Achilles.*
Pri. Thou art *Pyrhus* then?
Pyr. My acts ſhall ſpeake my name,
I am that *Pyrhus* who did mount yon Horſe
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vaſt bulke,
The firſt that lept out of his ſpacious ſide,
And toſt conſuming fire in euery ſtreet,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the ſtars,
I am that *Pyrhus* before whom *Troy* falls:

Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements
On which they ſtand, breake their aſpiring necks.
The proudeſt roofe and moſt imperious ſpyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all waſting fire.
Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my deſtin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weakneſſe,
I ſee our glories ended and extinct,
And I ſtand ready to abide their doome;
Onely for pitty and for pieties ſake
Be gracious to theſe Ladies.
Syn. *Pyrhus* no,
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* ſhew,
Let them all taſt; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the ſucking child.
Pri. Hee's prone enough to miſchiefe of himſelfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too faſt,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* miſery
Which ſcarce can be augmented tis ſo great.
Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.
Hecu. Oh ſpare his life.
Aſti. Good man kill not my Grandſire.
Pri. Good man doe.
Hecu. Kill mee for him.
Aſti. No, ſhee's my Grandam too,
Indeed ſhee's a good woman, chuſe ſome other
If you muſt needes kill.
Pyr. This then.
Aſti. Shee's my Mother, you ſhall not hurt her.
Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to ſee
A ſword bent 'gainſt his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to ſhelter vs.
Aſt. Good Grandſire weepe not, Grandam, Mother, Aunt
Alas, what meane you? If you be good men
Put vp your ſwords and helpe to quench theſe flames,

Or if in killing you ſuch pleaſure haue,
Practiſe on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.
Syn. Mee bratt?
Pyr. Vlyſſes, Agamemnon. Menelaus,
Synon, Therſites, and you valiant Greekes;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:
Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene,*
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Therſites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royall ſheath for thy victorious blade:
Diomed, let *Caſſandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache:*
And as my ſword through *Priams* bulke ſhall flie,
Let them in death conſort him, and ſo dye.
Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* ſake when?
Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long ſince that I did a murder.
Pri. Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue,* Stars, Planets, fortune, fate,
To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now;
Father of fifty braue Heroick ſonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are ſlaine.
Queene *Hecuba* the Mother of ſo many,
But now no Mother: for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to ſhew, theſe fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our iſſue.
Aſti. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.
Andr. My deare Husband,
And all my royall brothers.
Hecu. Worthy *Hector,*
And all my valiant ſonnes.
Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Aſia,*
And ſate inthron'd aboue the Kings of *Greece,*
Whoſe dreaded Nauy ſcowerd the *Helleſpont,*
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to aſhes:
The ſtately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd;

His Treaſures rifled and his people ſpoyl'd:
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Bereft him, ſauing his owne life and theſe,
And my poore life with theſe, are(as you ſee)
worſe then the reſt: they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my ſterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuerſall cares ſhall end.

Pyr. And that blow *Pirhus* ſtrikes, at once ſtrike all.

Syn. Why ſo,ſo,this was ſtately tragicall. *They are all*

Aſti. Where ſhall I hide me? *ſlaine at once.*

Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* baſtard?
My father ſlew thy father, I the ſonne:
Thus will I toſſe thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboue his fathers fame ſhall flie.

He toſſeth him about his head and kills him.

Syn. No, ſomewhat doth remayne,
Alarum ſtill, the peoples not all ſlaine,
Let not one ſoule ſuruiue.

Pyr. Then Trumpets ſound
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd. *Exeunt*

The Alarum continued, ſhreiks and clamours are heard within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlyſſes, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen, Therſites, Synon, *&c.*

Pyr. What more remaines t'accompliſh our reuenge?
The preudeſt Nation that great *Aſia* nurſt
Is now extinct in *Lethe.*

Mene. All by *Hellen,*
Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom ſo many worthies now lie dead.

Syn. A hot Peſt take the ſtrumpet.

Ther. And a miſchiefe.

Syn. Twas this hot whore that ſet all *Troy* a fire.

Hel. Forgiue me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,

Troy for thy ſack, King *Priam* for thy ſonnes,
Greece for an infinite ſlaughter, and you Husband
or all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus*,
I muſt confeſſe, my inconſiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.
Dio. What, note is that which *Pyrhus* eye dwels on?
Pyr. The perfect number
Of Greekes and Troians ſlayne on either part.
The ſiege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there periſh't of the Greekes 'fore *Troy*
Eight hundred thouſand & ſixe thouſand fighting men:
Of Troians fell ſixe hundred ſixe and fifty thouſand,
All ſouldiers; beſides women, children, babes,
Whom this night maſſacred.
Hel. All theſe I ſlew.
Syn. Nay, ſome this hand ſent packing, that's not true.
Vlyſ. *Æneas*, with twenty two ſhips well furniſh't,
(The ſelfe ſame ſhips in which young *Paris* ſayl'd
When hee from *Sparta* ſtole faire *Helena*,)
Is fled to Sea.
Dio. *Anthenor* with fiue hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.
Pyr. Let them goe,
That of *Troyes* ſack the world by them may know,
Where aboue thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their laſt: beſides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarches
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* ſlew:
My father beſides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*.
Three Troian *Paris* with his Arrowes ſlew,
Of which one was my father: *Diomed*
Foure Monarches with his bright ſword ſent to death,
Our ſelfe the warlike Queene of *Æmazons*,
And aged *Priam*.
Ther. Brauely boaſt he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

Pyr. And now *Troyes* warres are ended, we in peace
With glorious conqueſt to ſayle backe to *Greece*.
Their Nation's vaniſh'd like their Cities ſmoake,
Our enemies are all aſhes: worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittileſſe reuenge
In Bookes of Braſſe and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's paſt;
Troy and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus: Scœna prima.

Enter Prince Cethus *the ſonne of King* Naulus, *and brother to* Palamides.

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they ſay, the Greekes returne
With Triumphes and ouations piercing Heauen,
Where e're they ſet but foot loude Pæans ſung,
And Oades to ſpheare-like Notes tun'd in their prayſe:
Whil'ſt *Cethus* like a forlorne ſhadowe walkes
Diſpis'd, diſgrac't, neglected and deboſht;
Playing his melancholly, cares and ſorrowes
On his diſcordant Hart-ſtrings. Oh my fate!
Shall I, that haue this body and this braine,
A royalty ſtampt on mee in my birth:
Whoſe wrongs haue beene of marke through all the world
Troubling each eare, and being diſputable
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to ſpeake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardeſie and ſloth: ſleepe, an occaſion
Being fairely offered? No, awake reuenge,
Ile bring the now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes

Ceth.

Ceth. *Oreſtes* friend, the noble *Piladeſ*?
Inſtruct mine ignorance, I know of none.
Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons* heire
Oreſtes whom you truely call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.
Ceth *Hymens* ioyes.
Crowne them with all true pleaſure.
Pil. Shall we haue your preſence at the Contract?
Ceth. Who's within?
Pil. Onely *Egiſtus*, *Clitemneſtras* friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.
Ceth. Witneſſe enough,
Then ſpare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater ſeruice.
Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My abſence would diſtaſt him. *Exit.*
Ceth. Fare you well.
Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in: Oh *Palamedes*
My baſely betray'd brother, ſold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horſes, yet a Prince:
A Prince? nay Generall of the Greekiſh hoſt.
Emperour and Keyſer, choſe to that command
By a full Iury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthieſt: who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,
By falſe *Vlyſſes* and *Atreus* ſonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, baſely ſupplanted;
Who, for they would conferre amongſt themſelnes
The ſoueraignty forg'd letters ſent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Priams* ſtamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whoſe onely ends were aymd to honour *Greece*
Would haue betrayde his people: this ſuggeſted,
My brother was arraign'd, conuict, condemn'd;

For which I haue vow'd the vniuerſall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.
Palamides thy blood in *Aſia* ſhed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne ſince thou art dead.

Enter Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Oreſtes, Pilades, Hermione, *and* Electra.

Cli. *Meeenaes* King and *Sparta's* would be proud
To ſee this happy and bleſt vnion made
Betweene their royall Familyes.
Oreſt. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Læda* to whom *Ione* vouchſaf't
The ſtrict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnſpotted with her mothers proſtitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.
Hermi. May my chaſt innocence
Breake through the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her fame,
Whoſe luſter may out-ſhine my mothers fraileties,
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.
Egi. *Hermione*, your words taſt of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
were young *Electra* but ſo well beſtowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in ſo braue a match
Would thinke himſelfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.
Ceth. May ſhee prooue?
A whore like to her Mother: Prince *Oreſtes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* ſecond light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and honour,
In his returne may adde a ſurpluſadge
To his already ſurfet: find his bed
By this adultreſſe baſely ſtrumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quaffe their blood.
Oreſt. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement
Applaude your brothers choyce?

Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods aboue, and now by Princes
Here ratified on earth.
Oreſt. I would my friend
Were to you ſiſter, but as faſt betroth'd
As I to *Helliens* daughter: But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time muſt perfect all things.
Pil. Madam you heare,
This motion from your brother.
Elect. And I craue
Time to conſider on't.
Oreſt. Tis on foote,
Purſue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free aſſiſtance to beginne:
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione*;
We were at firſt as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as ſtrange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After ſome amorous parliance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there ſacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne
But glory in our fathers ſafe returne.
Egiſt. His ſafety is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.
Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.
Cli. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuſe mee being a woman? thinks the King
Wee can forget that leſſon in our age,
Which was by him firſt taught vs in our youth?
Or was't his ayme to ſhew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition? Firſt to taſt
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite;
And when our ſtomacks are prepar'd and ſharpen'd
For Coſtly vionds plac't before our eyes,
Then to remoone the table? hee's vnkind;

And

And as hee hath dealt with vs, ſo muſt find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene? to her my ſpeed is.

Cli. Speake on ſouldier.

Syn. Iam the herald of moſt happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, ſackt, and burnt;
Priam with all his memory extinct,
Queene, daughters, ſonnes, and ſubiects ruin'd all.
Now like the vapour of their Cities ſmoake,
And of them no more found: And Madam now
The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Atryd's*,
Duke of the puiſſant and all conquering Hoſt,
His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour.

Ceth. How could they ſcape thoſe fierce fires *Nauſus* made
In vengeance of his ſonne *Palamides*
To ſplit their curſed Fleete vpon the rocks.

Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
And adde to them: Is *Menelaus* ſafe
My husbands brother? *Hellen* how fares ſhee?
Or is ſhee thence repurchaſt? fill mine eares
With ſuch ſweete Tones, 'tis all I can deſire.

Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the Seas
With tempeſts, ſtormes, rocks, ſhipwracks, ſhelues and ſands
More dammag'd them then all the Troian ſiege.
Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
Diſtreſſed and diſperſt vpon the rocks
Sunke many a goodly bottome: Yet the Generall
Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Vlyſſes, and great *Neoptolimus*,
With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
With beauteous *Hellen* cauſe of all theſe broyles:
All theſe attend vpon the Generall
To bring him home victorious, and this night
Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

Cli. Souldier thanks,
These twice fiue yeares I haue a widdow beene,
Thy newes haue now new married mee: giue order
For the Kings intertainment, all the ſtate
Mycene can yeeld ſhall freely be expos'd
In honour of theſe Princes: your great haſt
Doth aske ſome reſt, therefore repoſe your ſelfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.
Syn. The Queene is royall.
Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I muſt coniure vp: Is the Queene mad?
Or thou *Egiſtus* ſottiſh? ſee you not
The ſtake and ſcaffold, nay the Hang-man too;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to'ſcape them?
Egiſt. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus*?
Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines guſh out of your temples
In ſanguine bluſhes? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens*? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what ſhee did,
You nought ſaue corrupt luſt and idleneſſe:
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues ſurcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To ſee what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your proſtitution.
Cli. Hee's a King.
Ceth. True *Clitemneſtra*, ſo he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant fleſht in blood:
Think'ſt thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will ſpare at home domeſtick enemies?
That was ſo prone to puniſh others wrongs,
And can forget his owne?
Cli. If *Menelaus*
Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartaes* King his noble preſident,

To doe the like to me?

Ceth. Tuſh ſhallow Queene,
How you miſtake; ſee imminent fate affront you,
And will not ſhun it comming? If his brother
Be branded as a ſcandall to the world,
What conſequence is it that he will grone
Vnder the ſelfe ſame burden? rather thinke
He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
To terrifie, not countenance ſuch miſdeeds:
And this muſt fall on you, leſt time to come
Should Chronicle his family for a broode
Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets:

Egiſt. This thy language
Strikes me with horrour.

Cli. And affrights mee too.

Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not Linxes eyes,
And Gyants armes, the firſt to ſee farre off,
The laſt as farre to puniſh? was hee ſo poore
In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here
To keepe his eyes ſtill waking? thinke it not
But that he knew the treaſon of his bed,
Hee had not faire *Briſeis* ſnatcht perforce
From th'armes of great *Achilles*.

Cli. That I heard.

Ceth. Why hath he a new miſtreſſe brought from *Troy*,
But to ſtate her in *Clitemneſtraes* ſtead,
And make her *Micenes* Queene whilſt you poore wretches
Like malefactors ſuffer, mark't for the Stag
And moſt ridiculous ſpectacles.

Cli. You ſhew the danger,
But teach vs no preuention.

Egiſt. Set before vs
The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
But not the way to auoyde them.

Ceth. Heare me then,
Preuent your death's by his.

Cli. How? kill the King?

So we heape ſinne on ſinne and baſely adde
Vnto adultery murder.
Ceth. Perſcelus ſemper tutum ſceleribus iter.
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
Blood will cure luſt, and miſchiefe phiſicke ſinne.
Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.
Ceth. In a Kings Pallace
Can luſt in ſuch great perſons be conceald?
Cli. The firſt offence repents mee, and to that
I ſhould but adde a greater.
Ceth. Periſh, doe.
Or what concernes this mee? I ſhall be ſafe,
I haue ſtrumpetted no *Agamemnons* Queene,
Nor baſtarded the iſſue of the *Atrides*:
Or why ſhould I thus labour their ſecurities
Who ſtudy not their owne?
Egiſt. Reſolue then Queene,
The Kings auſteere, and will extend his Iuſtice
Vnto ſome ſad example.
Cli. Oh but my husband.
Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemneſtra* thinke of ſuch a name?
Cli. You haue halfe wone me, when ſhall this be done?
Ceth. When but this night? delayes are ominous:
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whiſper, ere ſuſpicion
Can further be inſtructed or leaſt cenſure,
To call his wrongs in queſtion: inſtantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulneſſe of complement
With th' Argiue Kings: whilſt cups are brim'd with healths,
Whilſt iealouſies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he ſleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the leaſt counſell, ere he can ſpare
A minute for the ſmalleſt intelligence,
Or moment to conſider: I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehenſion
Or ſpirit in performance.

Egiſt. I haue both,
What anſwers *Cliteminestra*?
Cli. I am ſwayd,
And though I know there's difference of Juſtice
In Princes ſitting on the skarlet bench,
And husbands dallying in the priuate bed:
I'le hold him as one ſits vpon my life,
Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes;
Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow
Aſſiſtance in his death.
Ceth. And ſo ſuruiue
Secure and fortunate.
Egiſt. This night?
Cli. 'Tis done.
Ceth. The proiect I haue caſt with all ſecurity,
And ſafety for your perſon: ſmooth your browes,
And let there ſhine a welcome in your lookes
At the Kings intertainment: nay begone,
By this time you are expected; what remaines
Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*
Now father ſtile me a moſt worthy ſonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
Nor rocks could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
Nor the combuſtious Land, that *Cethus* can:
Hee that ſucceedes my brother in his rule,
Shall firſt ſucceede in death: none that had hand
Or voyce in his ſubuerſion that ſhall ſtand. *Exit:*
Enter Therſites *and* Synon.
Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are now
Victorious: let's be proud on't.
Syn. Thou ſay'ſt true,
Wee are Conquerours in our baſeſt cowardiſe,
Wee had not beene here elſe.
Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Aiax* too,
They are all falne, we ſtand.

Syn.

Syn. Yes, and will ſtiffe
When all the Grecian Princes that ſuruiue
Are crampt and ham-ſtring'd.
Ther. Waſt thou not ſea-ſicke brother?
Syn. Horribly, and fear'd
In the rough ſeas to haue diſgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddocks.
Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with:
But with the tempeſts, guſts, and *Furicanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking: theſe few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reaſon.
Syn. Twas becauſe
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whiſtling keepe them from their eares:
But now all's huſht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.
Ther. Shall wee be
Spectators of the royall inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene?
Syn. Ten yeares diuorſt
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obſerue
The forme and ſtate of this Court-complement,
(things I did neuer trade with:) Harke loud muſicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loud muſicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Diomed, Pyrhus, Menelaus: Synon *and* Therſites *falling into their trayne.* *At the other* Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Cethus, Oreſtes, Pylades, Hermione, Electra, *&c.*

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Houſhold-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* ſubuerſion and rich *Aſias* ſpoyles,
This is a ſacred day.
Egiſt. Such *Troy* had once.

Aga.

Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.
Ceth. So *Priam* fell
Before the holy Altar.
Aga. This Citty is not *Troy.*
Ceth. Where *Hellen* treades,
I hold the place no better.
Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Electra*, for our sake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your best salutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra.*
Clit. Royall King and Husband.

After their salute. All the rest complement as strangers, but especially Pyrrhus *and* Orestes.

Aga. What's he that kneeles so close vnto our Queen?
Clit. Egistus and your seruant.
Aga. Hee was young
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis* Gulfe,
Now growne from my remembrance: we shall finde
Fit time to search him further.
Ceth. Marke you that.
Egist. Yes, and it toucht me deepely.
Mene. Our sister, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs and *Hellen.*
Ther. Prity puppy.
Of such a common brach.
Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promist you at *Troy*,
For your great seruice done there: she's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.
Syn. I see we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.
Orest. Pyrhus, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?
Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The great'st ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.

Hath beene ſo mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no leſſe then welcome.
Oreſt. Oh you gods,
Pyrhus, thou wert more ſafe inburning *Troy*
With horrour, fury blood, fires, foes about thee,
Then in my fathers court.
Ceth. Another Collumne
On which to build my ſlaughters. Patience Prince,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further ſhall inſtruct you.
Oreſt. I haue done.
Ther. See now the two Queenes meete, & ſmack in publick,
That oft haue kiſt in corners.
Syn. *Therſites*?
Thou art growne a monſter, a ſtrange thing ſcarſe knowne
'Mongſt ſouldiers, wiues and daughters.
Ther. They are two ſiſters.
Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.
Ther. We are to loud.
Dio. Princes of *Greece*, ſince we haue done a duty
To ſee our Generall mid'ſt his people ſafe,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we ſhould diſperſe
Vnto our ſeuerall Countries inſtantly,
I purpoſe for *Ætolia*, where my Queene
With longing waites my comming.
Aga. Not King *Diomed*,
Till you haue ſeene *Mecena*'s pompe and ſtate
In amplieſt royalty expreſt at full,
Both taſted of our feaſts and Princely gifts,
The faire *Ægiale*, who hath ſo long
Forborne your preſence, will not I preſume
Deny to ſpare you to vs ſome few dayes,
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Generall
Yet will I lay on you a friends command

Which

Which muſt not be deny'de.

Dio. Great *Agamemnon*
With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.

Cli. And now faire ſiſter welcome back from *Troy*,
Be euer henceforth *Spartaes*.

Hel. Your great care
In my enforced abſence (gracious Queene)
Expreſt vnto my deare *Hermione*,
Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,
How ſwift time runnes: *Oreſtes* growne a man,
Whom I left in the Cradle! Young *Electra*
Then (as I tak't) ſcarce borne, and now growne ripe,
Euen ready for an husband!

Syn. In whoſe abſence
If but one handſome ſweete-heart come in place,
Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if ſhee doe but take
After mine old Naunt *Hellen*.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and ſolemne preparation
Of the Court, ſtate and glory mighty Princes,
Attend for you within.

Aga. All are conſecrated
Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,
Wee'l feaſt like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud muſick. They poſſeſſe the Stage in all ſtate, Cethus *ſtayeth behind.*

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou haſt found
New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,
Oreſtes hath receiu'd *Hermione*
From *Clitemneſtra's* hand, her ſoule is his,
And hee her Genius, two combind in one:
Yet ſhee is by the fathers Oath conferd
On *Pyrhus*, which ſhall breede a ſtormy flawe
Ne're to be peec't againe, but by the deaths
Of the two hopefull youths: perhaps the hazard
Of all theſe Kings if my reuenge ſtrike home.

(Of that at leaſure) but the bloody ſtage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyeſt downe mortall, who muſt riſe diuine.

Enter Oreſtes *to* Cethus. *Muſicke and healthing within.*

Oreſt. Oh *Cethus* what's this muſicke vnto me,
That are compoſ'd of diſcords? what are healths
To him that is ſtrucke heart-ſicke? all thoſe ioyes
Whoſe leaders ſeeme to pierce againſt the roofes
Of theſe high ſtructures, to him that is ſtruck downe
Halfe way below the Center?

Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayſe you, deeper caſt
Then to the loweſt Abiſme: It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happineſſe,
Where you ſhall liue eternit'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.

Oreſt. Hadſt thou ſeene
Her, in whoſe breaſt my heart was paradiſ'd,
Kiſt, courted, and imbrac'd.

Ceth. By *Pyrhus*.

Oreſt. Him:
What paſſionate and infidiating lookes
Hee caſt on her, as if in ſcorne of me:
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant? ſhall he vſurpe
Or pleade my intereſt, where I am poſſeſt?
Rule where I raigne? where I am ſtated, ſit?
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraigaty?

Ceth. Hee muſt not, ſhall not.

Oreſt. Show mee to depoſe
The proud Vſurper then.

Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.
In the meane time, from your diſtracted front
Exile all diſcontent, let not feaſt rage
Raigne in your eye, or harſhneſſe in your tongue,
Smooth waters are ſtill deep'ſt; waite on the King,

And

And be no ſtranger to your mothers eye,
Or forraigne to your Kindred: the feaſt ſpent,
And night with it: the morrow ſhall beget
Proiect of more import (ſcarſe thought on now.)
Oreſt. I build vpon thy Counſell. *Exit* Oreſtes.
Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
Fixt as a rocke, ſtill conſtant, and vnmoou'd.
Enter Egiſtus.
Egiſt. What *Cethus* here? why no ſuch matter now
No cauſe of feare, or leaſt ſuſpicion.
Ceth. Your reaſon?
Egiſt. Tuſh, preſume it, we are ſafe.
Ceth. Obſerue it, they are ſtill ſecureſt, whom
The Diuell driues to ruine.
Egiſt. Harke, their healths
Carrowſing to the Generals Victories,
In all thy heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
No ſparke of iealouſly, all th'Argument
Of their diſcourſe, what they haue done at *Troy*.
Still health on health, and the great Generall
So farre from ſeeming to haue leaſt diſtaſte,
That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
To haſten his bed-pleaſures, as if times diſtance
Betwixt his boord and pallade, ſeemed more tedious
Then all his Ten yeares ſiege.
Ceth. Goe, loſt man,
Sinke on firme ground, be ſhipwrackt in a Calme.
Theſe healthes are to your ruines, his reuenge:
Hath not *Egiſtus* read of a diſeaſe
Where men dye laughing: others that haue drunke
Poyſon in ſteed of Cordials, periſh ſo?
To dye tis nothing, ſince tis all men due:
But wretchedly to ſuffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied? nay derided, mockt, and curſt:
To dye as a baſe Traytor, and a Thiefe,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,

The poyſon of the *Atredan* family,
And ſcandall of his iſſue, ſo to dye?
Egi. *Egiſtus* will preuent, he by this hand
Muſt fal, 'fore whom all *Aſia* could not ſtand.
Ceth. The banquet is broke vp, ſleep cals to reſt,
And mid-nights houre for murther, ſtill ſhowes beſt. *Exit.*

Loud muſicke. Enter Egiſtus *with his ſword drawne, hideth himſelfe in the chamber behind the Bed-curtaines: all the Kings come next in, conducting the Generall and his Queene to their Lodging, and after ſome complement leaue them, euery one with torches vſhered to their ſeuerall chambers, &c.*

Aga. Methinkes this night, we *Clitemneſtra* meete,
At a new bridall; all Attendants leaue vs,
Wee now are onely for bed-priuacies.
Cli. Great ſir, I that ſo long haue bin your widdow,
Will be this night your hand-mayde.
Aga. You told me, Queene,
Oreſtes was a cunning horſe-man growne:
It pleaſde me much to heare it.
Cli. *Greece* reports
No Centare can ride better.
Aga. And young *Electra*,
In all th'indowments that may beſt become
A Princeſſe of her breeding, moſt compleate.
Cli. It was in your long abſence, all my care,
(Being my charge) that you at your returne
Might finde them to your wiſhes,
Aga. Thankes for that.
Cli. How cunningly he ſeemes to carry it!
But we muſt finde preuention.
Aga. Who's without there?
Cli. Why ſtarted you?
Aga. Not all the *Aſian* Legions, no not *Hector*
Arm'd with his bals of wild-fire, had the power
To ſhake me like this tremor: Is our Pallace

Leſſe

Leſſe ſafe in *Greece*, amidſt our ſubiects here,
Then were our Tents in *Aſia*?
Cli. Where, if not here in *Clitemneſtraes* armes,
Can ſafety dwell?
Aga. And faire Queene, it ſhould bee ſo.
Cli. But why ſir caſt you ſuch ſuſpicious eyes
About your Chamber? are wee not alone?
Or will you to the priuate ſweetes of night,
Call tell tale witneſſe?
Aga. Now tis gone agayne. Shall we to reſt?
Cli. So pleaſe you royall Sir.
Aga. How hard this Doune feeles, like a monument
Cut out of marble. Beds reſemble Graues,
And theſe me-thinkes appeare like winding ſheets,
Prepar'd for corſes.
Cli. Oh how ominouſly
Doe you preſage: you much affright me ſir
In this our long-wiſht meeting.
Aga. All's ſhooke off,
I now am arm'd for pleaſure: you commended
Late one *Egiſtus* to me, prithee Queene
Of what condition is he? *They both*
Egiſt. Tyrant this. *wound him,*
Cli. And I am thus his ſecond. *at which there*
Aga. Treaſon, murder, Treaſon: *is a greate*
This ſhowes, we Princes are no more then men. *thunder crack,*
Thankes *Ioue*, tis fit when Monarches fall by Treaſon,
Thunder to all the world, would ſhow ſome reaſon. *he dies.*
Egi. The deede is done, lets flye to ſome ſtrong Cittadell,
For our more ſafety.
Cli. Hee thus made diuine:
Now my *Egiſtus*, I am ſoly thine. *Exeunt.*

A noyſe of vproare within. Enter all the Kings with other Seruants halfe vnready, as newly ſtarted from their Beds.
Oreſtes, Hermione, Pillades, Electra, &c.
Mene. What ſtrange tumultuous noyſe is this ſo late,
To rouſe vs from our beds?

Pyr.

Pyr. Prodigious ſure,
Sin:: 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.
Oreſt. In mine eares
Di l neuer ſound ſeeme halfe ſo terrible.
Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this ſad obiect is,
See great *Atrides* groueling.
Ceth. What damn'd Villaine
Was auther of this proiect?
Omnes. Horrid ſight.
Ore. Reſt you amazed all, as thunder ſtruke,
And without ſence or motion Apoplext,
And onely heare me ſpeake: *Oreſtes*, he
Who as if marbled by *Meduſaes* head,
Hath not one teare to fall, or ſigh to ſpend,
Till I finde out the murderer, and on him
Inflict remarkable vengance: for I vowe
Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,
Hadſt thou my weeping ſiſter hand in it.
If nee? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)
I euer did, and ſhall loue *Pylades?*
Wert ſhe whoſe wombe did beare me, where I lay
Full nine moneths bedded ere I ſaw the Sunne,
Or the moſt abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,
Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.
Now you whom this ſilent and ſpeechleſſe King
Hath oft commanded, this now ſenceleſſe braine
As oft directed, this now ſtrengthleſſe hand
More oft protected in a warre, that ſhall
Be to all times example: Lend your ſhoulders
To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,
This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,
Deedes of this nature muſt be throughly ſearcht,
Nay be reueng'd: the gods haue ſayd tis good,
The morning Sunne ſhall riſe and bluſh in blood.

They beare him off with a ſad and funerall march, &c.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus: Scœna prima.

Enter Pyrhus, Hermione, Therſites, *and* Synon.

Pyr. Sweete Lady, can you loue?
Her. Forbeare my Lord,
Can ſuch a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
Where euery Marble that ſupports this roofe,
In emulation doth vye teares with vs?
Nay where the wounds of ſuch a mighty King
Haue yet ſcarſe bled their laſt.
Pyr. Tuſh faire *Hermione*,
Theſe ſights that ſeeme to Ladies terrible,
Are common to vs ſouldiers; when from field returning
All ſmear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie ſlaine,
Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
From courting a ſweete Miſtreſſe.
Syn. Hee ſayth right,
And note of this how I can poetiſe:
This his great father of his Loue deſir'd,
When from the ſlaughter of his foes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cuſhes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a ſoft day bed:
It did reioyce *Briſeis* to imbrace
His bruiſed armes, and kiſſe his blood-ſtain'd face.
Theſe hands which he ſo often did imbrew
In blood of warlike Troians whom hee ſlew,
Were then imploy'd to tickle, touch and feele,
And ſhake a Lance that had no print of ſteele.
Ther. Continue in that veine, I'le feed thy Muſe
With Craſſh, Prawnes and Lobſters.
Her. You brought theſe of purpoſe to abuſe mee.
Pyr. Peace *Therſites*,
And *Synon* you no more.

Syn. Wee ſee by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but ſhew his neece *Hermione*
The way of all fleſh.
Ther. Tis an eaſie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If ſhee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlyſſes, Menelaus, Diomed *with others.*

Mene. If it beſo, *Egiſtus* is a traytor,
And ſhee no more our ſiſter.
Vlyſ. Tis not poſſible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue ſuch baſe hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her ſoueraigne.
Dio. Double treaſon,
Could it be proou'd againſt her.
Men. It appeares
So farre againſt humanity and nature
We dare not once ſuſpect it, but till proofe
Explaine it further, hold it in ſuſpence.
Vlyſ. Oh but their ſuddaine flight and fortifying.
Mene. Theſe are indeed preſumptions, but leaue that
To a moſt ſtrict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maieſty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs becauſe ſhee was our ſiſter,
Both for *Oreſtes* and *Electra's* ſake
Whoſe births are branded in ſo foule a deede
Till wee examine further circumſtances
Spare your ſeuerer cenſures.
Vliſ. Tis a buſineſſe
That leaſt concernes vs, but for Honours ſake
And that hee was our Generall.
Mene. What, prinee ly *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?
Her. Yes ſir, but in a time vnſeaſonable
Euen as the ſuite it ſelfe is.
Mene. All delayes
Shall be cut off and ſhe be ſwayd by vs.

Theſe

Theſe Royall Princes ere they leaue *Mycene*,
Shall ſee theſe nuptiall rights ſolemnized,
Weele keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.
Pyr. Wee our vowes
As conſtant to the bright *Hermione*.
Firſt ſee the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a ſouldier, 'tis his due:
To queſtion of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leaue it to Heauens iuſtice and reuenge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our ſeuerall Countries each man poſt,
Captaines diſperſe ſtill when the General's loſt.

Enter Cethus, Oreſtes, *and* Pylades. *diſguis'd.* *Exeunt*

Ore. *Egiſtus*? and our Mother?
Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,
Are you *Oreſtes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So ſure they were his murderers: this diſguiſe
Will ſuite an act of death, full to the life
Hee ſtands vpon a ſtrict and ſecure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue caſt it ſo.
Ore. As ſent from *Menelaus*?
Ceth. Whoſe name elſe
Can breake through ſuch ſtrong guards, where feare and guilt
Keepe hourely watch?
Ore. It is enough, I haue't,
And thou the faithful'ſt of all friends deare *Pilades*,
Doe but aſſiſt mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.
Pyl. Next your friendſhip
It is the priſe I ayme at, I am yours.
Ceth. What ſlip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?
Ore. I am a wake.
And to ſend them to their eternall ſleepe.
In expedition there is ſtill ſucceſſe,

In all delayes defect: the traytor dyes
Were hee in league with all the deſtinies. *Exe. Pilad. Oreſt.*
And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,
And I a thriving Farmer. In this interim
I haue more plots on foote: King *Menelaus*
I haue incenc'd againſt proud *Diomed*,
Pyrhus againſt *Oreſtes*, hee 'gainſt him,
Vlyſſes without parralell for wit
Againſt them all: ſo that the firſt combuſtion
Shall burne them vp to aſhes. Oh *Palamides*,
So deare was both thy loue and memory,
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood
Streaming from Princes breſts, then *Cethus* ſhall
(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra *with a ſtrong guard.*

Egiſt. Let none preſume to dare into our preſence
Or paſſe our guard, but ſuch well knowne to vs
and to our Queene.
Guard. The charge hath paſt vs round.
Egiſt. When ſinnes of ſuch hye nature 'gainſt vs riſe,
Tis fit wee ſhould be kept with heedfull eyes.
Cli. Preſume it my *Egiſtus*, we are ſafe,
The Fort wherein we liue impregnable:
Or ſay we were ſurpris'd by ſtratagem,
Or ſhould expoſe our liues vnto the cenſure
Of Law and Iuſtice, euen in theſe extreames
There were not the leaſt feare of difficulty.
Egiſt. Your reaſon Madam.
Cli. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood? ſhould *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury: what doth this belong to
Vlyſſes, or *Ætolian Diomed?*
Are they not ſtrangers? If it come in queſtion
By *Menelaus*, is hee not our brother?

Our

Our ſiſter *Hellen* in his boſome ſleepes,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then;
Wee are euery way ſecure.
Egiſt. Oh but *Oreſtes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, ſhewes like *Ioues* thunder-bolt
Aym'd againſt luſt and murder.
Cli. Hee's our ſonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mothers name preuents theſe feares:
Electra's young, and childiſh *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend: It reſts, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egiſtus ſhould be ſtated in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and bride.
Egiſt. Feare's ſtill ſuſpicious.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter ſir.
Egi. From whence?
Guard. Tis ſuperſcrib'd from the great *Spartae's* King,
And the Queene *Hellen*.
Egi. Who the meſſenger?
Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune you
For ſpeedy anſwer.
Egi. Bidde them waite without,
Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome
I ſhall preſume eſtabliſh't.
Cli. There's no feare,
Oreſtes once remoou'd, and that's my charge
Either by ſword or poyſon.
Egi. See faire Queene,
Reade what your brother writes, by this we are
Eterniſ'd in our happineſſe, and our liues
Rooted in ſweete ſecurity.
Cli. Wee not ſuſpect you in our brothers death, *The Queene reades.*
A deede too baſe for any Noble breſt.

Therefore in this neceſſity of ſtate,
And knowing in this forced vacancy
So great a kingdome cannot want a guide:
The ſoueraignty we thought good to conferre
On *Clitemneſtra*, or what ſubſtitute
Shee in her beſt diſcretion ſhall thinke fit,
The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egiſt. We are happied euer.
Cli. A ioy ratified,
And ſubiect to no change.
Egiſt. Call in the meſſengers,
Oreſtes and *Electra* once remoou'd,
Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no iealouſie at all.
Cli. None, none.
The gods haue with theſe Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his ſupplanting and inſtating thee,
Thee my moſt deare *Egiſtus*.

Oreſtes *and* Pyllades *diſguiſed are conducted in.*

Egiſt. You the men?
Ore. Thoſe, whom the *Spartan* King made ſpeciall choice of
To truſt this great affaire with.
Egiſt. And y'are welcome,
But are you men of action: ſuch I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whoſe eyes inur'd
To ſlaughter and combuſtions: at the like
Would not change face, or tremble?
Pil. They that to ſee
Legges, armes, and heads ſtrowed on *Scamander* Plaine,
Kings by the common ſouldiers ſtew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imbowel'd Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,

As if aboue the earth to bury them:
They that to see an *Asian* Potentate
Kil'd at the holy Altar, his owne blood
Mixt with his sonnes and daughters, Towers demolisht
Crushing whole thousands, of each sexe and age
Beneath their ruines: and these horrid sights
Lighted by scathe- fires, they that haue beheld
These and more dreadfull obiects; can their eyes
Moue at a priuate slaughter?

Cli. Y'are for vs,
Will you for hire, for fauour, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man easily spar'd
Amongst so many millions (now suruiuing)
That such a creature, no way necessary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue?

Ore. But name the man,
And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you
And al that glory in such noble deeds.
Be what hee will; hee's lost.

Egist. *Orestes*, then?

Ore. Is there none then the world so well may spare
As young *Orestes*? Hee to doe't?

Egist. Vaine world farewell,
My hopes withall, no building long hath stood
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.

Hee kils Egistus, first discouering himselfe.

Cli. I'le dye vpon his bosome.

Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pilades*,
And to your vtmost pacifie the guard:
Tell them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

Pil. Sir i'le doe't. *Exit.*

Cli. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at Heauen,
Am plung'd into an hell of misery.
Egistus dead? what comfort can I haue,

One

One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue:
Ore. Can you finde teares for ſuch an abiect Groome,
That had not for an husband one to ſhed?
Oh monſtrous, monſtrous woman! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog ſaid I?) nay what's worſe,
Worthy the ſigh or mourning of a Queene,
When a King lies vnpitied?
Cli. Thou a ſonne?
Ore. The name I am aſham'd of: oh *Agamemnon*,
How ſacred is thy name and memory!
Whoſe acts ſhall fill all forraigne Chronicles
With admiration, and moſt happy hee
That can with greateſt Art but booke thy deeds:
Yet whilſt this rottenneſſe, this gangreen'd fleſh
Whoſe carkas is as odious as his name
Shall ſtinking lie, able to breede a Peſt,
Hee with a Princeſſe teares to be imbalm'd,
And a King lie neglected?
Cli. Baſtard.
Ore. If I be,
Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I, I am ſure
Nor my dead father had no hand in it.
Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my yeares
Onely to ſpend in curſes.
Ore. Vpon whom?
Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egiſtus* death?
Ore. And I could wiſh my ſelfe a *Neſtors* age
To curſe both him and thee for my dead father.
Cli. Doeſt thou accuſe mee for thy fathers death?
Ore. Indeede 'twould ill become me being a ſonne,
But were I ſure it were ſo, then I durſt;
Nay, more then that, reuenge it.
Cli. Vpon mee?
Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
All Empreſſes and Queenes caſt in one mould,
And I vato that one a onely ſonne,
My ſword ſhould raviſh that inceſtuous breaſt

Of

Of nature, and of ſtate.

Cli. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
As was this guiltleſſe Gentleman here dead.

Oreſt. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't:
Giue me ſome ſigne from eyther feinds or angell,
I call you both as teſtates.

Enter the Ghoſt of Agamemnon, *poynting vnto his wounds: and then to* Egiſtus *and the* Queene, *who were his murderers, which done, hee vaniſheth.*

Godlike ſhape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes line in bliſſe,
To bring your ſelfe that ſacred teſtimony,
To crowne my approbation: Lady ſee.

Cli. See what? thy former murder makes thee mad,

Oreſt. Reſt Ghoſt in peace, I now am ſatisfied,
And neede no further witneſſe: ſaw you nothing?

Cli. What ſhould I ſee ſaue this ſad ſpectacle,
Which blood-ſhootes both mine eyes.

Oreſt. And nothing elſe?

Cli. Nothing.

Oreſt. Mine eyes are clearer ſighted then, and ſee
Into thy boſome. Murdreſſe.

Cli. How?

Oreſt. Inceſtuous ſtrumpet, whoſe adulteries,
When Treaſon could not hide, thou thoughts to couer,
With moſt inhumane murder.

Cli. Meaning vs?

Oreſt. Then, monſter, thou didſt firſt inſtruct mine hand,
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildſt a King and husband, and haſt taught
Mee being a ſonne, how to deſtroy a mother. *He wounds her.*

Cli. Oh moſt vnnaturall.

Oreſt. That I learnt of thee.

Cli. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iuſt,

And all remarkeable ſinnes puniſh with marke,
One miſchiefe ſtill another doth beget,
Adultery murder: I am loſt, vndone. *Shee dyes.*
Oreſt. Being no wife, *Oreſtes* is no ſonne.
Enter Cethus *and* Pillades *with the guard.*
Pil. The guard all ſtand for you, acknowledging
Oreſtes Prince and King.
Oreſt. I now am neither.
Ceth. What obiect's this? Queene *Clitemneſtra* ſlaine?
Pil. I hope no ſonnes hand in't
Oreſt. *Oreſtes* did it,
The other title's loſt.
Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehenſion.
Pil. This is an age
Of nothing but portents and prodigies.
Oreſt. The fathers hand as deepe was in her death
As was the ſonnes, hee pointed, and I ſtrooke:
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,
As I was to a Mother?
Pil. Oh my friend,
What haue you done?
Oreſt. There is a *Plaſma*, or deepe pit
Iuſt in the Center fixt for Parricides,
I'l keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, ſhee
In ſtead of *Hebe*, ſhall attend my Cup,
Charon the Ferri-man of Hell ſhall bee
My *Ganimed*.
Pil. The Prince is ſure diſtracted.
Ceth. New proiect ſtill for me.
Oreſt. I'le haue a guard of Furies which ſhall light mee
Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,
The fatall ſiſters ſhall my hand-maides bee,
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*.
Ceth. *Hermione?* ſhee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,
And (mourning for your abſence) all the way
Vnto the Temple ſhee will ſtrowe with teares.

Oreſt.

Oreſt. Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?
Hee that ſhall dare to interpoſe my purpoſe,
Or croſſe mee in mine Hymineall rights,
I'le make him lie as flat on the cold earth
As doth this hound *Egiſtus*.

Ceth. And I would ſo.

Oreſt. Would? nay I will, his father woare a ſmocke,
And in that ſhape rap't *Deiadamia*,
Hee ſhall not vſe my Loue ſo, oh my Mother;
Friend take that obiect hence.

Ceth. But you *Hermione*,

Oreſt. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the wriſt,
It ſhall ſhall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,
Angels, nor Furies ſhall my rage withſtand,
Not the graue Honour of th'aſſembled Kings,
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Prieſt:
No ſuperſtition ſhall my fury ſlay,
Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be ſwept away, *Exit.*

Ceth. Pillades attend your friend.

Pil. Hee's all my charge,
My life and his are twinnes.

Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy fall
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

Enter Synon *and* Therſites.

Syn. My head akes brother.

Ther. What a batchiler,
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings diſeaſe?

Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome: thou ſtrange creature woman,
To what may I compare thee?

Ther. Canſt thou deuiſe ought bad inough?

Syn. Tis ſayd they looke like Angels, and of light;
But for the moſt part, ſuch light Angels prooue,
Ten hundred thouſand of their honeſties
Will ſcarce weigh eleauen Dragmaes.

Ther. Clitemneſtra,

And *Helen* for example.
Syn. Young *Hermione*
Hath face from both.
Ther. The ſharpe ſhrewes noſe, they hate hereditary.
Syn. Therſites, I commend that fellowes wit
Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
Onely one fault ſhe had, ſhe wanted braine:
Who anſwered in a creature of that ſexe,
I nere deſire more wiſedome, then to know
Her husbands bed from anothers.
Ther. I commend him,
But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
To finde out ſuch a woman.

An Altar ſet foorth, Enter Pyrhus *Leading* Hermione *as a bride*, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed. *A great trayne*, Pyrhus *and* Hermione *kneele at the altar.*
Syn. See now the ſacred nuptiall rights proceede,
The Prieſts prepare the Alter.
Pyr. Hymen to whom my vowes I conſecrate
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
Whom in the preſence of theſe Argiue Kings,
I heare contract, be thou auſpitious to vs:
This flamming ſubſtitute to *Saturnes* ſonne,
Within whoſe ſacred Temple wee are roofe,
And before all theſe high Celeſtiall gods
And goddeſſes, in whoſe eyes now we kneele:
Eſpecially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,
And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoake: Let your chaſt fires
Drye vp this Virgins teares; make her ſo fruiteſull
That in her iſſue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Prieſt to your other Ceremonies.

Enter Oreſtes, Cethes, *and* Pilades, *with the guard, all their weapons drawne*, Oreſtes *rayſes at* Pyrhus.

Oreſt. *Priam* before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell:
Reſcue *Hermione*.
Pyr. *Achilles* ſonne
Cannot reuengeleſſe dye, then witneſſe all,
Blood muſt flow high where ſuch great Princes fal.
Pil. *Oreſtes* is in danger.
Mene. Saue Prince *Pyrhus*.
Ceth. This plot was layd — Cethus *whiſpers with* Diomed.
Both for your life and Kingdome.
Dio. *Menelaus*: ſhall neuer beare it ſo.
Vlyſ. Fy *Therſites*,
Thy ſword againſt me.
Ther. Curſe vpon all whoores.

A confuſed ſcuffle, in which Oreſtes *kils* Pyrhus: Pyrhus, Oreſtes: Cethus *wounds* Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Therſites, &c. *All fall dead ſaue* Vliſſes, *who beareth thence* Hermione: *Which done*, Cethus *riſeth vp from the dead bodies and ſpeakes.*

Ceth. What all aſleepe? and are theſe goſſiping tongues,
That boaſted nought ſaue Warre and Victory,
Now mute and ſilent? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling? and thou parracide,
Thy madneſſe is now tam'd, thou need'ſt no chaines
To bring thee to thy wits, darkneſſe hath don't.
This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,
And ſayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand:
Where's your valour now? *Ægiale*,
Vnleſſe (as ſome ſay) ſhe be better ſtor'd,
Is like to lye without a bed-fellow:
Riſe *Pillades*, and helpe to awake thy friend,
What doth your friendſhip ſleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new ſweete-heart ith'next roome,
Wilt thou be ſtill a Cuckold? winke at errors
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now

Be crown'd in Hystory for a reuenge,
Which in the former World wants president:
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainſt heauen,
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himſelfe:
Hee darting 'gainſt their mountaines thunder-bolts,
Which ſhattred them to peeces: the warre done,
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my ſpoyles
With maieſty, I pace vpon this floore
Pau'd with the trunkes of Kings and Potentates,
For what leſſe could haue ſated my reuenge?
This arch-rogue ſalne amongſt them? he whoſe eies
Had the prepoſterous vertue to fire *Troy*,
Now is thy blacke ſoule for thy periuries
Swimming in red damnation.

Synon *who had before counterfeited death, riſeth vp, and anſwereth,*

Syn. Sir, not yet,
All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath ſhare, and know if thou haſt craft,
I haue reſeru'd ſome cunning: ſee my body
Free and vntoucht from wounds.

Ceth. Speake, ſhall we then
Diuide theſe dead betwixt vs, and both liue?

Syn. If two Sunnes cannot ſhine within one ſpheare,
Then why ſhould two arch-villaines? thou haſt diſcouered
Proiects almoſt beyond me, and for which
I haue ingroſt a mortall enuy here,
I will be ſole, or none.

Ceth. Ceaſe then to be,
That I may liue without Competitor.
Cauſe *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,
And onely mine remembred.

Syn. Thine's but frailty,
My fame ſhall be immortall; made more glorious
In treading vpon thee, as thou on theſe;
Stoope thou my Vnderling.

Ceth.

Ceth. I ſtill ſhall ſtand Rooted. *They fight, and kill one another.*

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

Ceth. I now am duſt like theſe.

Syn. One ſingle fight
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellena, Electra, *and* Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this ſlaughter?

Hel. Yes, and dye
At ſight of it: for why ſhould *Hellen* liue?
Hellen the cauſe of all theſe Princes deaths;
Ceaſe to lament, reach me my Glaſſe *Hermione*,
Sweete Orphant do; thy fathers dead already,
Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione *with a looking glaſſe, then exit.*

Thankes, and ſo leaue me. Was this wrinkled fore-head
When 'twas at beſt, worth halfe ſo many liues?
Where is that beauty? liues it in this face
Which hath ſet two parts of the World at warre,
Beene ruine of the *Aſian* Monarchy,
And almoſt this of *Europe*? this the beauty
That launch'd a thouſand ſhips from *Aulis* gulfe?
In ſuch a poore repurchaſe, now decayde?
See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;
Who that conſiders when a ſeede is ſowne,
How long it is ere it appeare from th'earth,
Then ere it ſtalke, and after ere it blade,
Next ere it ſpread in leaues, then bud, then flower:
What care in watring, and in weeding tooke,
Yet crop it to our vſe: the beauties done,
And ſmel: they ſcarſe laſt betwixt Sunne and Sunne,
Then why ſhould theſe my blaſtings ſtill ſuruiue,
Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,
Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.
I am growne old, and Death is ages due,
When Courtiers ſooth, our glaſſes will tell true.

My

My beauty made me pitied, and ſtill lou'd,
But that decay'd, the worlds aſſured hate
Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate.
Here's that, my ſoule and body muſt diuide, *Shee ſtrangles her ſelfe*
The guerdon of Adultery, Luſt, and Pride.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Vlyſ. In thee they are puniſh'd of all theſe Princes,
And infinite numbers that oppoſed *Troy*,
And came in *Hellens* quarrell (ſaue my ſelfe)
Not one ſuruiues, (thankes to the immortall powers)
And I am purpoſde now to acquire by Sea,
My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
And ſince I am the man ſoly reſeru'd,
Accept me for the Authors Epilogue.
If hee haue beene two bloody? tis the Story,
Truth claimes excuſe, and ſeekes no farther glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In teadious Sceanes) by keeping you ſo long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me ſay
Are hard to expreſſe, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

Here ends the whole Hiſtory of the deſtruction of Troy.

FINIS.

C 13340 SL
61538-9

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION